THE LIVING AGE

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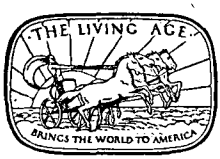

AROUND THE WORLD

No More Wars?

UNTIL France returns from Poincarno to Locarno, the cause of peace by arbitration cannot advance very far. The disappearance of Senator de Jouvenel and of Lord Robert Cecil from the League, the Rhineland occupation, and even the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union in Paris, all substantiate this statement. The British press in particular rallied to the cause with that peculiar unanimity and sharp realism it invariably displays when the interests of the nation as a whole are involved. The resignation of Lord Cecil, to be sure, called forth a variety of opinions. The Conservative *Outlook* dryly remarked: 'It would be affectation to pretend that the resignation of Lord Cecil makes much difference to the strength of the Cabinet; it is, in fact, more likely to diminish his reputation than that of the Government. People in this country are inclined to be impatient of men who are frivolous in action, even for good reasons, and Lord Cecil has made a habit of resignation. A lesser man would not have had the opportunity; a greater man would not have done it.' The *New Statesman* feels that he will be more useful to the cause of peace outside the Cabinet than in it — adding, however, that important repercussions will occur abroad. 'Lord Cecil is a prophet who has great honor in other countries; his opinion carries fifty times more weight abroad than in England, and no utterance of a Baldwin or a Chamberlain, thrown into the scale, can appreciably affect the common judgment of Europe. Great Britain — as at present governed — is now irrevocably labeled as a reactionary imperialist Power; and that is perhaps rather a good thing. For obviously we cannot afford to retain such a reputation, and the Government, therefore, will be obliged — if only with a view to its prospects at the next general election — to devise some concrete means of proving that it is *not* ardently preparing for a fresh war. It will probably fail to devise any such proof, but even an attempt might be better than nothing. Mr. Baldwin might, for example, invite Mr. Bridgeman to retire into private life and take his ridiculous cruiser programme with him. That would at least make it possible for our more friendly critics to believe that we

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are not anxious to enter upon a new armaments competition. But no such step is probable. As long as the mild Mr. Baldwin remains in power we are likely to remain in the eyes of the world the leading militaristic state.' Concerning the man who, in the heat of the Geneva Conference, characterized America's demands as 'absolute nonsense,' the *Morning Post* offers this illuminating comment: 'If we have a criticism of Lord Cecil, it is that his enthusiasm has been apt to carry him to generous but imprudent extremes. He is still of opinion that the failure of the Disarmament Conference might have been averted without the sacrifice of British interests. How anyone can hold that opinion in view of the attitude of the American delegates is a mystery.'

Of far greater significance than the whim of a single statesman is the dispute among many statesmen concerning the Rhineland occupation. According to Sisley Huddleston, the number of Allied soldiers who occupy Germany is a matter of purely academic interest, the real question being whether any troops should be stationed there. This expert critic of French affairs asserts: 'The Allied occupation of the Rhineland is futile and perilous. In the event of strife, seventy, or sixty, or fifty thousand men would be swept away like straw on a stream; and their maintenance is a standing provocation to strife. The sooner the last man is withdrawn, the better it will be for the peace of Europe. France, Britain, and Belgium have nothing now to gain by keeping contingents in Germany, and they have very much to lose. Only the German politicians of a militarist turn of mind can profit by the strict fulfillment of the occupational clauses of the Versailles Treaty.' Robert Dell, who airs his anti-Poincarist bias in every other number of the *Nation and Athenæum*, not only substantiates Mr. Huddleston's view, but goes on to assail French politicians in general: 'At the bottom of all this is the inveterate habit of the French of blaming everybody but themselves for their own mistakes or difficulties. Not the occupation of Frankfort or the invasion of the Ruhr postponed a durable peace, but British opposition to those friendly and pacific measures. Not the opposition of M. Poincaré or the hostility of French chauvinists or the apathy of the French Left thwarts M. Briand's policy and postpones Franco-German reconciliation, but the dark designs of perfidious Albion. It is this temper that makes the situation so unpromising. There is nothing that post-war France more conspicuously lacks than serious political thinking.' The *Manchester Guardian* has learned 'on good authority' that Poincaré is planning to force Germany to accept the status quo on the Polish frontier as well as on the western one. 'In other words, the concession made voluntarily by Germany two years ago, a concession for which Europe is so much in her debt, is to be turned into an argument for demanding from her something of which nobody dreamed before she made that concession. M. Poincaré is an ingenious and resourceful man, but even he could scarcely hope to succeed in such a proposal. No nation that cared for its self-respect could adopt a course which would strike the imagination of the world as ungenerous and sharp practice. But apart from that there is a fundamental difficulty in the way of such a scheme. A guaranty pact of this kind concerns England as well as France, and if one thing is certain it is that England would refuse to be associated with it.' The same paper also puts in a plea for British interests in fulfilling the Locarno agreement, whose renowned 'spirit' the French Govern-

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ment and press have of late been flouting. Speaking of the Interparliamentary Union, before whose members M. de Jouvenel moved that all present, including the Germans, pass a vote of censure upon the invasion of Belgium, this paper remarks: 'It is curious that here in all these exchanges the British attitude is completely ignored. The British delegates' speeches are hardly reported in the press. Yet at Locarno Great Britain gave a guaranty — a thing unprecedented in her history — for a certain purpose and with certain expectations. Not a single French speaker refers to that guaranty, or asks himself why it was given or for what price. On the other hand, the belief that London is becoming more and more inclined to give a similar guaranty to Poland is curiously strong, even in official quarters. Whence springs this illusion?' Several days later its editorial pages laid down the following British programme: 'We can and ought to declare our willingness to submit disputes of all kinds and with all countries accepting a similar obligation to pacific settlement, either through the International Court of Justice or through the arbitral decision of the League of Nations, or through some specifically designed machinery of settlement. It might very well be that these treaties would require no external backing for their honorable observance. At the very least this would be an immense step forward. Had we had such a treaty with the United States it is almost impossible that the Coolidge Conference would have failed.'

Britain, having fewer specifically European problems than France, can more easily afford to assume a friendly attitude toward the idea of settling Continental troubles by arbitration. It will, however, be observed that, although the Liberal *Manchester Guardian* would gladly support some arbitration treaty with the United States, the Conservative *Morning Post*, convinced that Britain's present naval policy is a matter of life and death, asserts that each country should go its own way. Again, the attitude of a man like Sisley Huddleston, who is in a position to take broad views of Europe and therefore maintains that the Rhineland occupation 'serves no purpose,' is contradicted by most of the Paris press, which reflects a more immediate concern with Continental problems. The *Écho de Paris* refers to the occupation as 'the only guaranty' of French security, and *Le Temps* looks upon it as 'a guaranty of the execution of the Treaty,' adding that Allied troops on the Rhine are 'covering our territory ahead of the eastern frontier.' Paris cannot ignore the intermittent Reichswehr scares and the unrest along the Polish-German border. The fact remains that her politicians of nearly every party sleep much more soundly if they know that seventy thousand Allied soldiers are camping on German soil, though they are perhaps preventing the speedy establishment of the kind of European peace that most liberal Englishmen desire.

One explanation for the concern that smaller nations have been expressing over the alleged monopoly by England and France of League councils is the attitude of the South African Union toward the neighboring territory of Southwest Africa. The question here is whether the Mandates Commission of the League will recognize that the Union possesses sovereignty over this district. Because a South African judge defined as treason to the Union an act within this territory, General Hertzog, the South African Premier, has been claiming sovereignty. The *Manchester Guardian* sees in this dispute the fulfillment of many a cynic's prophecy concerning the ultimate fate of all

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mandates taken over by France and England after the war. 'If the chief Powers among the Allies had been in earnest in giving this new principle a fair chance they would have been scrupulous in keeping to the spirit and the letter of the Covenant. Unhappily, neither France nor England has behaved in this manner. Although Article 22 expressly forbids the military training of the natives for other than police purposes and the defense of the territory, the terms of the French Mandate for the Kameruns and French Togoland allow such troops to be used by the mandatory Power in the event of a general war outside the mandated territory. This was one of the departures from the spirit and letter of the Covenant which weakened the system in its early days. During the last year Sir Austen Chamberlain has, we are sorry to say, been engaged in what can only be called a frontal attack on the system. For the system depends on the power of the Mandates Commission to do its work of investigation thoroughly and effectively and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates. The present Government appears to be chiefly anxious to restrict the rights and power of the Commission, and in pursuit of this object Sir Austen Chamberlain protested at Geneva last year against the questions that the Commission wished to put to the mandatory Powers. He followed up this protest by a tart memorandum last November in which he accused the Permanent Commission of a misconception of its duties and responsibilities. The nature and range of those duties and responsibilities are now, as our Paris correspondent showed, under active discussion, and if the view of the British Government should unfortunately prevail the power of the League will sooner or later become a mere shadow and any ambitious or unscrupulous state will be able to do what it pleases with its ward. The Permanent Commission is fighting to save the great reform that triumphed on paper when the Covenant was drawn up. When the Power which takes the lead in attacking the Permanent Commission happens to have several wards it occupies a specially invidious position.'

England

Except in so far as foreign policy leads to changes in domestic politics, public life in England has been unusually stagnant of late. One can detect, however, in the recent manœuvres of the present Government a sharpening of certain issues. More and more all the Conservative papers go the whole hog in their support of Mr. Baldwin, Sir Austen, and the rest, while even the *Manchester Guardian* admits that they are serving the country as capably as any Conservatives can. More radical journals, however, smell difficulties ahead, and it is impossible to thumb through the British press without being convinced that changes are brewing, however distant the date of their fulfillment may be.

The *Morning Post* has provided the chief domestic issue by its persistent challenging of Lloyd George's huge personal fund. For months past the taunts of this journal have gone unanswered, but at last Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail* has taken up the cudgels in the little Welshman's behalf, which leads the *Saturday Review* to speculate as follows: 'Here let us digress for a moment to note the strange bedfellows with whom we now find Mr. Lloyd George consorting. The Liberal press, as we have seen, remains silent on this subject of his funds; instead there comes to his defense a professedly Conservative journal. The incident is not isolated, and probably not without significance. Nor is Lord

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Rothermere's organ without support from other newspapers avowedly Conservative. Of late there has been a stealthy but steady tendency observable in the Beaverbrook journals to boom and back Mr. Lloyd George. It is not surprising; his is the kind of personality to attract men who desire to meddle and dictate in politics, and who cannot forgive Mr. Baldwin for his cold indifference to their commands. Nevertheless, the thing is worth watching. The political influence of the penny press is not very considerable nowadays, but this veering of its breezes toward the Welsh Marches may mean that it will back the Wizard for a place when the next Election Stakes are run.' The *Saturday Review* itself quite sympathizes with the *Morning Post's* attitude that, although Lloyd George's sale of honors was not entirely new, his retention of the receipts in the form of the private fund provided a distinct novelty.

The London *Outlook* wants the British Government to invite President Hindenburg to pay a state visit to London this autumn. Naturally this has provoked some protest from its readers, but the editor sticks to his guns. He asks: 'Is there any personal reason why Marshal Hindenburg, who both as soldier and statesman has served his country well, should not be publicly received? I know of none. We can appreciate nobility and uprightness of character in England, whether it has been exercised for us or against us; and this rugged old man, who did his best to save the Empire and has since done his duty by the Republic, would not lack appreciation from the sporting London crowd.'

In discussing the religious troubles in India that have in the course of the last eighteen months taken a toll of two hundred and fifty killed and over twenty-five hundred injured, J. A. Spender, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, compares the present difficulties out there with those in Ireland in 1914, when two religious groups divided the country and the minority party lived in mortal fear of Home Rule. He says: 'There were a few months in India after the war when under Gandhi's influence Hindu and Moslem seemed to have joined forces in a common uprising of East against West. Gandhi's formula that "religion is everything" seemed to have swept away all differences in a common rally to the defense of the Caliphate, conceived as the symbol of an Eastern religion threatened by Western governments, and especially the British Government in its then attitude toward the Turks. It was as though Catholic and Protestant in Europe had combined against an assault of Chinese upon their common Christianity. But this was an artificial and quite transient movement which came to an abrupt end when the Turk betrayed his Indian friends by repudiating the Caliphate, and left the Indian Moslem disillusioned and dejected and more than ever inclined to turn in upon himself and consider his own position in the politics of India. Where, he now asked himself, would he be under a democratic system which placed him at the mercy of a Hindu majority? Inward cogitation led to open agitation, to the formation of defensive organizations on both sides, Moslem Tanzim, Hindu Mahasaba, the revival of friction and bitterness at the religious festivals, and so to the dangerous rioting of the last eighteen months.'

Lord Irwin's viceregal appeal to the special convocation of both Indian Legislatures stimulated these observations. The *New Statesman* describes the Viceroy as 'assuring the people of India through their elected representatives that he would gladly throw his whole energies into the honorable

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quest for "any practicable solution or mitigation," and he expressed a fervent hope that it might yet be possible to attain the much-desired result by means of a conference of Indian leaders. Press comments show that this very admirable speech has made a profound impression upon the whole of India, as indeed Lord Irwin had every right to assume that it would.'

Reds in Morocco

Thanks to the vigilance — or enterprise — of *Le Matin*, Paris has been treated to a sharper Bolshevist scare than was ever vouchsafed to London when diplomatic relations with Moscow were severed. In some fashion or other this lively boulevard daily procured important scraps of correspondence between the Soviet military attaché in Paris, the Soviet Ambassador, Krestinskii, in Berlin, and Kamenev. The material published all relates to uprisings in the Rif stimulated and financed by the Third International, in conjunction with the Soviet Government. The diplomatic pouch and diplomatic stationery were used to communicate messages that certainly aimed at destroying French and Spanish power in North Africa. We find, for instance, Comrade Gallagher in London supplying Winchester rifles, which he purchased with money received from the Arcos people in that city. One of Kamenev's letters to the Spanish *Komitern* in Paris is especially interesting: 'I have established a plan of operation in Morocco. Taking into account the Communist possibilities in North Africa, particularly in the Spanish zone, as well as the discontent in Spain, the Komitern will endeavor to upset the present Spanish régime, to give back the Spanish Rif to the native tribes, and to link together recent events in China with the situation in North Africa and the Near East. To assure the success of our operations in Spanish Morocco, the tribes must be absolutely prohibited from attacking French outposts. Undertake nothing until the tribes are equipped and armed.' Though rather wild, this story has been copied extensively in the British and Continental press, where it appears to have carried some conviction.

French and German newspapers continue to insult each other across the Rhine. *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* remarks that the French motto of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' should be replaced by the words 'Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery.' But Germany is in no position to throw stones in this direction, to judge from the following passage from the *Prager Presse:* 'Suspicion regarding Germany's armaments is aggravated by certain facts brought out not only by M. de Broqueville in the Belgian Senate but also by the Alsatian Senator Eccard in the French Parliament. These gentlemen seem to have arrived more or less independently at the conclusion, from a study of the German Budget, that the expenditures for administration and supplies for the Reichswehr of one hundred thousand men are very much larger than are required for a force of that size. Germany's army and navy appropriations, in fact, have increased from the equivalent of one hundred and twelve million dollars three years ago to one hundred and seventy-five million dollars for the current year. Relatively to the number of men under arms in the two countries, Germany spends forty times as much as France for ammunition.' A Berlin correspondent of the *Saturday Review* considers Germany more prosperous than confident. Employers regard their present day of sunshine as a weather breeder, and the workers have acquired a distress complex since the war. Nevertheless he says: 'The people

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are undoubtedly happier than they have been for many decades; they are not only able to live and to dress better, but they dress more brightly, and they move about as if they were enjoying freedom. The younger generation, in particular, has adopted an entirely new mode of life. The liberation from restraint that was one result of the revolution was at first abused in various ways, and perhaps naturally, but common sense is prevailing and a healthy freedom is asserting itself. Some difficulty was at first experienced in finding a substitute for the military training of the young men, but they have now taken the matter into their own hands. They now devote themselves passionately to athletics of all kinds; they have discovered the pleasure and the advantages of taking exercise in the open air, and the young women have followed their example.' He notes that Berlin has again become the cleanest city in Europe, and that the municipal underground, tramway, and omnibus system has been extended until it is a model. A person can go from one end of Berlin to the other, making one transfer en route, for the equivalent of an American nickel.

Danzig and the League

A typical problem confronting the League is that of the free port of Danzig. Stresemann has again raised the question of whether, in view of recent explosions, the Poles should be allowed to use the Westerplatte adjacent to the port for unloading munitions without being supervised by the Danzig harbor police. The Polish representative, M. Strassburger, recalled that in 1924 the Council of the League had authorized such action after consultation with an expert committee. An important issue has therefore been raised — whether or not such a decision can be reversed. This is the same problem that cropped up just as the League was adjourning its last meeting, but the Poles insist that Señor Villegas of Chile, to whom the matter was entrusted, has not yet had time to look into it carefully. It is a question not only of immediate policy but of future precedent, and Germany and Poland have agreed that extensive judicial investigations must be pursued before the matter is mentioned again.

The Warsaw correspondent of *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna comments with some relish on what he calls 'the burial of democracy' in Poland. He points out that Pilsudski does not represent the majority party in Parliament, and that he has therefore had to flout the democratic institutions that the country was gradually developing. In the past year, for instance, the Government put forward a press-censorship law that was promptly defeated in Parliament. No sooner, however, had Parliament adjourned than an even more drastic measure was enforced. 'In this way,' says *Arbeiter Zeitung*, 'coöperation between Parliament and Pilsudski has collapsed to such a degree that on the one side we hear nothing but weak and fruitless protests, while on the other the power of the dictator reigns supreme.' Pilsudski's plan is said to be to get along with Parliament as best he may, always working, however, for reforms that will give his position in the State greater security and justification. As a Social Democrat organ, the *Arbeiter Zeitung* discerns the sinister force of Conservative capitalism working behind Pilsudski's superficially radical policy. The Socialists have already awakened to this condition, and if they can organize with the discontented majority of the Right they may succeed in dislodging the dictator. One Radical has announced: 'The burial of democracy in Poland means the finish of the

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Polish nation. Only a democratic Poland can survive.' Pilsudski's own theories are quite different. 'Social freedom is only possible after national freedom,' he used to say, but now that the latter has been acquired he seems to be losing interest in the former.

The Balkans

In refusing to ratify the treaty with Yugoslavia that General Pangalos negotiated in August 1926, while he was dictator of Greece, the Athenian Parliament and the present Coalition Government have strained their relations with Belgrade. It is not that General Pangalos's agreement itself was a masterpiece of diplomacy. In its attempt to bring order and justice to the administration of the railway running between Guevgueli and Saloniki, the scrapped treaty provided an impossibly complicated series of regulations that might well have aroused more difficulties than it could ever have solved. *Journal des Débats* remarks: 'We are afraid that the latest gesture of the Greeks will make any agreement impossible for a long time to come. Quite rightly, they do not wish a foreign state to impinge on their sovereignty over their own territory, but in accepting the agreement reached last year the Serbs renounced excessive pretensions that they had made previously. Furthermore, since Saloniki is a natural outlet for Yugoslavia, it is to the interest of both countries that some arrangement be concluded.'

Russian Alarms

The recent meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist International adopted several violent resolutions on the international situation. It was unanimously declared that the capitalist Powers were planning war against Soviet Russia, while in the next breath *Pravda* naïvely remarked: 'The execution of Sacco and Vanzetti ranks with the murder of Voikov and the raids of Chang Tso-lin and Joynson-Hicks as war provocation against the U. S. S. R.' British delegates wished to delete a passage calling for a universal general strike in case a general war broke out, asserting that such a demand was 'merely cheating the masses with phrases.' Instead they proposed to insert the innocuous phrase, 'Down with Baldwin's Government!' The rest of the meeting, however, refused to listen to them, and the original motion was carried. The Committee noted with pleasure that the French, 'after long interruption, have resumed revolutionary street fighting,' and called upon the proletariat elsewhere to go and do likewise. The memory of Sacco and Vanzetti will be kept green by continual rioting, and the Soviet Gas Warfare Society has done its bit by deciding to construct a fleet of airplanes named after the two executed men. The blame for their execution, incidentally, has been laid to 'the servility of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, headed by Greene.'

Russia's ties with the outside world have been strengthened on both the Baltic and the Black Sea. By concluding a trade treaty with Latvia, Moscow has succeeded in upsetting the pleasant relations between that country and its neighbor, Esthonia. These two little states had previously signed an economic treaty that removed the customs frontier, and now Esthonia feels that she has been let down altogether too hard. On the Black Sea the Soviet authorities have decided to establish regular steamer service between Odessa and the coast of Arabia. A Russian commercial expedition just back from the Hejaz, Yemen, and Eritrea has declared that Soviet exports will find a ready market, and *Izvestia* adds crusading enthusiasm to economic necessity by insisting on the need of thwarting Britain's 'imperialist plans.' It likewise con-

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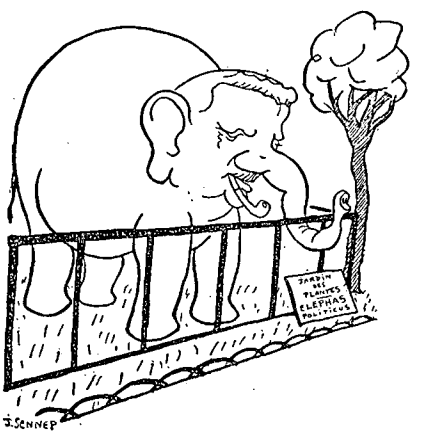
siders undesirable the realization of a Pan-Arabian federation, or of closer economic ties between the Hejaz and Egypt, for fear that damage might be done to Turk-Soviet policy.

A Moscow correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* supplies this amusing note on Russian red tape: 'It was announced to the Control Commission that the administrators in several parts of the Ukraine had appointed more special commissions than there are days in the year, and that as a result thousands of investigations remain uncompleted. It also received a report explaining that freight going to Germany required only three railroad certificates, whereas freight sent inside Soviet Russia needed twenty-five. Another communication asserted that a Peasants' Assistance Committee had taken in eleven thousand rubles in contributions and expended sixty-five hundred rubles in giving assistance, but that the administration expense was thirty-eight thousand rubles.'

BRIAND AND HERRIOT AT PLAY

ARISTIDE



LE GROS ÉDOUARD

— *L'Écho de Paris*

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Versatile Britain

THE Board of Trade has called a temporary halt in its capitulation of the census of production taken in 1924, and the *Economist* takes advantage of this pause to record some of the first impressions the figures make as they now stand. It had been hoped that the report might form a basis of comparison with a similar census made in 1907, but, as the *Economist* says, 'by reason of the change in the price-level, it will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to obtain a reliable index to gauge the change in the volume of production between the two dates.' This much, however, can be said. The production of pig iron has dropped from 10 million to 7 million tons. Steel and coal barely hold their own. Automobile production increased from 10,000 cars in 1907 to 146,000 in 1924. Butter, margarine, and cigarettes have all increased several times over, while soap and sugar reveal cheering, though not equal, progress.

On the vital subject of overseas trade more recent statistics can be assembled from other sources. The first six months of 1927, as compared with the same period in 1914, 1925, and 1926, show how British trade, and therefore world trade, has developed and changed. We find, for instance, that the imports from France in 1914 were valued at 23 million pounds. In 1925 this figure rose to 40 million pounds, and in 1927 it sank to 35 million pounds. Exports to France have also increased, imports from Germany show a decline, and exports to Germany remain about the same. Russia has naturally fallen off to less than half its pre-war figures in both imports and exports, but even in 1914 England was doing about half as much business with Russia as with either France or Germany. Imports from the United States have gone up from 70 million pounds in the first six months of 1914 to 112 million pounds this year, and exports valued at 17 million pounds in 1914 have increased to 22 million pounds in 1927. The Argentine has also proved a better customer.

Imports from the United States have decreased since 1925 because of the decline in the price of cotton, although the quantity of that commodity imported has remained virtually unchanged. Although no one country or colony sends as much to England as America does, the total value of her colonial trade exceeds the value of her American trade. Imports and exports from Australia nearly balanced during the first six months of 1927, while India and Ceylon showed a steadily favorable trade balance from 1914 right through to 1927.

Sir Lynden Macassey, writing in the *Sunday Times*, adds his voice to the chorus of suggestions for improving British trade. He attributes England's slump to her high price-level, which the Cambridge Economics Service has discovered to be the highest in the world with the single exception of New Zealand. Taking British prices in the year 1913 as a basis of 100, the wholesale price-level in England is 145, and in New Zealand 154. Sweden comes next with 141, the United States scores 136, Germany 124, and France 104. Yet, in spite of her high price-level, England does not pay her labor as

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much as many other countries with lower price-levels pay theirs. This reduces the country's purchasing power, and also indicates that the British worker must, for some reason or other, be less efficient than his foreign competitor who commands more real wages and turns out cheaper goods.

The pinch which England has been feeling off and on since the war, and has been incessantly discussing, asserted itself once more when both the Argentine and Australia had New York finance two large loans. In this connection, some figures printed in the *Economic Review* are illuminating, for they show to what extent the United States has replaced England as the world's banker. In 1920 America's foreign loans and investments were considerably larger than Britain's, but between 1921 and 1923 the two countries ran about even, England taking the lead in 1923. Since that time, however, American overseas investments have increased rapidly, and in the first half of 1927 exceeded British foreign investments two and one-half times over. The *Economic Review* remarks: 'Not only will it influence the broad currents of foreign trade, but by giving America an interest in many foreign countries it may even produce serious effects in political, and perhaps also in naval, policy.'

We now turn to the other side of the picture. The manufacturers of the Singer automobile have not done so badly during the past year, in which they have paid a stock dividend of just 25 per cent. The semiannual report of the Regent's Canal and Dock Company sounds encouraging, too. This waterway, extending from Birmingham to the Thames, in spite of taxes, and in spite, as its chairman remarks, of the fact that 'the nation is greatly impoverished,' increased its earnings during the first six months of 1927 more than £9000 compared with the same period last year, and more than £3000 over 1925. That this gain was not made at the expense of the railways may be assumed from the fact that the directors of the Southern Railway have decided to spend one half a million pounds on 'various improvements,' as well as three and three-quarters millions on electrification. Since the prosperity of a nation is more or less reflected in the activity of its transportation, the moral is obvious enough.

The visit of Sir Alfred Mond to Berlin lent further color to rumors concerning an Anglo-German chemical pact, and the selling price of the shares of Sir Alfred's prosperous nickel company responded in a most pleasant fashion to his little tour. Many British purses, as well as the Red-lined pockets of Mr. Saklatvala, will be filled by the Tata Iron and Steel Company's first declaration of a common-stock dividend since 1921. The value of the bonds in this Company have fluctuated within the past twelve months from 78 to their present summit of 98½. The earnings in the past year amount to nearly 150 million rupees, compared with less than 100 million in 1926. The Union Cold Storage Company, which deals in meat from the Argentine, also shows a gain in earnings, having made £994,000 this year, as against £883,000 in 1926 and £848,000 in 1925. In brief, conditions in England remain substantially unchanged. Many businesses are picking up. Only the coal industry seems to be permanently disabled, and when once the nation as a whole becomes reconciled to the world of to-day it should prosper as much as ever.

A Burma correspondent of the *Economist* draws attention to rubber developments in that part of the world. Already the district known as the Tenasserim Civil Division, situated in that narrow strip which has Siam on

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the east and the Bay of Bengal on the west, is under development. Railway surveys have been completed, and ports already exist, for handling the produce of the country. The rainfall is sufficiently generous to make rubber production profitable, and though the season of the latex's flow is only nine months, compared to an eleven months' flow in the Federated Malay States, production costs are lower and labor is plentiful and cheap.

France

Across the Channel, M. François-Marsal, one of the many Frenchmen bearing the title of ex-Minister of Finance, has insisted that his country can complete her job of financial restoration without danger. He asserts that the total burden of the Budget of 1927 has only increased 83 per cent over the 1913 figure. Since Sweden is paying twice as much in taxes as she did in 1913, Great Britain three and one-half times as much, and the United States nearly five times as much, it seems that France has something to congratulate herself upon here. The industrialists and certain manufacturers do not, however, see the world through M. François-Marsal's rose-colored glasses. A third of the present national income is derived from direct income taxes and war profits. Only 9 per cent comes from alcohol and cigarettes, and another third is provided by 'breakfast-table taxes' on customs, colonial foodstuffs, turnover, and consumption taxes. The French Coal Owners Association reports that although dividends have only increased two and one-half times since 1913, taxes have multiplied tenfold and labor costs nearly sevenfold. The railroads are also suffering considerably. In spite of higher rates, their gross receipts remain less than they were last year. *Le Temps* asserts that during the first seven months of 1927 the total railway business of France fell off 13 per cent as compared with last year, which may be taken as a fair indication of business conditions in general. Needless to say, it is hoped, not only that the trade treaty with Germany will improve the present lethargic conditions, but that America will be put in a position where she will have to make some financial accesses to her former ally in order to be allowed as friendly treatment as their former common foe now enjoys.

Middle Europe

Foreign trade in Germany continues to show an unfavorable balance, but the country's general activity increases steadily. July imports were the largest since the war, and the exports for that month, though the largest so far this year, were twice exceeded in 1926. More coal and raw material are going out of the country, and more textiles and machinery are coming in. Yet, in spite of this activity, the Stock Market seems to feel that Germany has reached the summit of her powers in the way of 'rationalization.' She had made commercial treaties with France and Japan, and she has come to agreements with the United States regarding oil and artificial silk. She has developed local markets and increased home consumption to the limit. But the unfavorable balance of trade remains, and the first seven months of this year show a deficit in exports of about double the amount of Reparations charged for 1926, and the present year brings an increased Dawes burden of 500 million marks.

Austria suffers from exactly the same difficulty, though her unfavorable trade balance for the first six months of 1927 has fallen off slightly compared with last year's figures. Czechoslovakia, her chief customer and her chief creditor, gets the profits. Indeed, Czechoslovakia's favorable trade balance with Austria for last year exceeded the total

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value of the imports she received from that country. The textile industry provides one of the few bright spots in the former Hapsburg monarchy. Its 9800 mill hands who were idle so much of last year are now working on full time, and some factories employ double shifts.

Hungary and Czechoslovakia have at last established normal economic relations — a state of affairs that should have been arrived at long ago, since the two countries are in many ways complementary units. Even without the present treaty 25 per cent of Hungary's export trade had been done with Czechoslovakia, and now the proportion should grow considerably. Like her former partner, Austria, Hungary is also turning to textiles, one big mill having recently added ten thousand bobbins to its equipment. Unemployment has virtually disappeared, wages and dividends are rising, and the returns from the railways and postal and telegraph services show distinct improvement.

As much cannot be said for Yugoslavia, where the harvest has suffered so much from droughts that very little wheat or maize can be exported. There have been forest fires in Serbia and Bosnia, while in other districts peasants are selling their cattle at cut rates because they cannot find suitable pasture lands. These agricultural difficulties naturally make themselves felt in the business life of the nation. So far this year there have been 40 per cent more business failures than last year, and government receipts have declined steadily. The brightest spots on the horizon are the debt settlement with England and the successful negotiation of various foreign loans, which are being used to build railways and improve the ports. Business is spotty in Rumania. The uncertainty of the exchange has hurt the banks, but the favorable balance of trade has encouraged foreign capital to grant better terms on short-time loans. Customs returns have risen, and with the strong Bratiano Cabinet in power the immediate future looks fairly bright.

In Russia the peasant continues to upset the authorities' best-laid plans. The farmers of the Ukraine, as well as the townspeople, have suddenly begun to ask the Soviet trading organizations for flour, sugar, salt, textiles, shoes, and leather in fantastic quantities. The supply never equals the demand, and buyers have stood waiting for hours, glad enough to get even a small and shabby portion of what they asked for. Foreign trade has taken an unfavorable turn since last April, and the Government finds itself working in a vicious circle with the peasants, from whom cereals and other agricultural produce are bought. The price at which the Government can afford to buy the cereal and then sell it abroad does not satisfy the peasant, who has heavy taxes to pay.

The Argentine

In returning to the gold standard the Argentine has at last given ear to British advice and established the peso on a sound basis. Before the war a 44-per-cent gold reserve enabled the Government at Buenos Aires to use a paper currency redeemable in gold. During the war, however, this practice ceased, and, though the gold reserve in recent years rose to 78 per cent, the paper remained unredeemable. Finally, in order to prevent the currency from going above par, — at any rate, this is the British view, — the withdrawal as well as the deposit of gold against notes was allowed. Brazil and Chile have already stabilized their currencies, and the Argentine's decision to follow suit has gratified the English, who took the same step some years ago, at considerable sacrifice. They

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are particularly pleased because British gold had been flowing in alarming quantities to Buenos Aires from London and direct from Cape Town. The *Statist* explained that the resumption of convertibility of the paper peso could not fail to improve Argentina's credit abroad — a statement that would seem to be substantiated by the recent American loans.

Italy is also struggling along the same path of financial rehabilitation. A year ago there was a backing of 10.78 gold lire to every hundred paper lire in circulation. This year the proportion has risen to 16.38. Count Volpi, the Italian Minister of Finance, has assured the country that the Budget for 1927–1928 will balance again, and that the bachelor tax will yield about fifty million lire per year.

Japan

The first seven months of the year promise to give Japan the least unfavorable trade balance she has had in any year since 1920. *Chugai Shogoyo* points with pride to the fact that July, usually an unfavorable month, showed a favorable balance, which continued to increase during August. Lower cotton prices have helped to reduce the value of the imports, and the country already possesses such large stores of wheat and rice that the imports of these foodstuffs have fallen off too. Troubles in China and difficulties with the Manchurian currency have upset local business, and until things quiet down no far-reaching progress can be expected.

Antarctic Whaling

From Wellington, New Zealand, comes a picturesque note about the whaling trade. It seems that the Governor-General of that Dominion, whose authority extends over the Ross Sea to the south, is disturbed at the prospective extermination of the whale. Five years ago the British Government gave a Norwegian company permission to fish in the Ross Sea, and last summer this organization sent down two storeships, each accompanied by five motor-driven whale chasers. Although the element of sport so prevalent in the old days is lacking, the element of profit has by no means been eliminated by the advent of gasoline. One monster one hundred and twenty-five feet long yielded oil that was valued at over $5000. It is also reported that one of the shoreships returned to her base with 22,700 barrels of oil, the product of 254 whales. The storeships are equipped with machinery to extract oil from the carcass of the whale, and thus they are able to operate on a highly efficient basis. New Zealanders fear that unless whaling licenses are revoked, and unlicensed fishermen now plying their trade are prosecuted, the whale will follow the seal down the pathway of oblivion.

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THE INTERNATIONAL DEBTS PROBLEM[1]

BY BERNARD DESOUCHES

DURING the last few years, the problem of the war debts has been studied by statesmen of all interested nations, by authorities of the banking, commercial, and industrial world, and by many political writers of repute, both in the United States and in Europe, so that discussion would seem to have been exhaustive. It is nevertheless evident, on examining the problem in its distant repercussions and as it appears to the world at large, in regard to general economy and the broad currents of international exchanges, that it has scarcely been touched on.

At the present time, indeed, the question is entering upon an entirely new phase — *that of an economic conflict between one continent and another.* And from a political point of view incalculable consequences are to be feared.

When the members of Columbia's Faculty of Political Science wrote at the conclusion of their report, 'The coalition of Europe against the United States might prove to be a good thing for Europe. Can anyone believe that it would be a good thing for the United States?' the eminent professors evinced an apprehension which is not founded on gratuitous hypotheses alone. They suspected a danger of whose imminence and gravity they were nevertheless unaware, *but which exists*, and of which both the American Government authorities and public opinion are still entirely unconscious. As a matter of fact, that danger is not attributable, as is generally believed, to a certain mental tendency and sort of *moral mobilization* of Europe as a whole against the United States. It is rather owing — which is a far more serious matter — to a state of affairs which the most powerful leaders of European economy have examined, and of which, by means of carefully conceived plans, they are now endeavoring to take advantage. Although the policy, toward which the entire economic structure of Europe is now more and more inclined, in the hands of its controllers is already beginning to be put into operation and has been the subject of conferences, negotiations, exchanges of views between one country and another, and even between different governments, *an initiated circle alone* knows, up to now, its motive elements, the formidable forces that it sets working, and the gigantic purposes that it contemplates. The secrecy in which it is more or less involved, the precautions observed in its preparation and development, explain why it has so far remained unknown to the general public.

In order to understand this policy it is necessary to cast a rapid glance at the present state of the world, which may be briefly expressed as follows.

The greater part of the gold in circulation throughout the world is now held by the United States, which, moreover, has enjoyed a prodigious commercial and industrial development since the war. New York has become a

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *August*

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business centre whose supremacy is evident. While the nations of Europe were fiercely fighting each other and concentrating their entire energy on the struggle, the economic acuteness of the United States was able to exert itself in Latin America, Japan, China, and throughout the Far East, and thus capture very important markets. When the war was over the state of exhaustion in which the belligerent countries found themselves compelled them to resort to American aid, and the United States thus secured a position of constantly increasing importance on European markets, as well as in the East, Turkey, Persia, and elsewhere. Possessing the greater part of raw materials, tremendous industrial and commercial power, and practically unlimited financial resources, she acquired a preponderant influence in the world with a vigor and on a scale that could not be foreseen before the war. Indeed, in 1914 — and European business circles were not unaware of the fact — many of the big industrial concerns in the territory of the Union found themselves in an extremely precarious position. The 'preference share' of the Mercantile Marine was worth only 4 dollars. Bethlehem Steel was quoted at between 25 and 30 dollars. The Submarine Boat Company was on the verge of bankruptcy. Dupont Powder, the Steel Corporation, Westinghouse Electric, Gulf Steel, and many other companies, were in no better position. In 1916, Bethlehem Steel, however, was quoted at 700 dollars and Mercantile Marine at 125, while Submarine Boat had jumped from 0 to 80, and so on. Since then American economic activity has enjoyed a practically uninterrupted upward movement.

If this brilliant state of things is to last, however, one must presuppose the existence of a certain number of favorable conditions. The industrialization of the country to-day exceeds the capacity of absorption by the American market. On account of her very strength, the United States has become tributary to foreign countries — in other words, she is obliged to seek, maintain, and develop new markets in order to dispose of her overproduction. American industry is now organized on such a footing that it could not possibly be reduced without entailing a great economic crisis. On the other hand, American capital is so abundant, according to the highest authorities on Wall Street, that no use can be found for it by the Americans in their own country, and the tendency must therefore be to invest it abroad. In an astonishingly short space of time America, once a debtor country, has become a lender to the whole world and the biggest banker on earth. And in this connection also the war has proved a determining factor. The necessity of finding adequate interest on money that has become too abundant consequently stimulates the public to seek lucrative investments abroad.

Her wonderful prosperity therefore now compels the United States to increase her influence outside the country, constantly to seek new outlets and effect investments of capital in other countries. This enterprise, moreover, seems easy if one considers the natural weakening of a subdivided Europe and the valuable property destroyed practically everywhere in the rest of the world, but it nevertheless runs the risk of encountering some obstacle, ending in total failure, and even jeopardizing or ruining positions actually secured.

Europe, indeed, did not witness without uneasiness, nor even without alarm, the American expansion, the development of competition threatening to a dangerous extent even national

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products in America itself. But how could it be met? In some way or another all nations had become the debtors of the United States, whether they had borrowed before or after the war or had to provide interest on capital invested in their respective countries. The multiple consequences of a four years' struggle, which were far from having produced all their effects, still further aggravated this state of things every day. With new states, regions devastated by the fighting, countries contending with anarchy or revolution, disorganized systems of transportation, repudiated international conventions, exhausted treasuries, currencies in a poor way, lost markets, destroyed working capital, decimated populations, and diminished purchasing power, Europe had everything to reorganize, rebuild, and restore. Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Poland were in the throes of inflation. Russia was sinking in the convulsions of Bolshevism. England, to uphold her currency, was sacrificing her industry and trade, seeing markets lost, and going through serious labor and colonial difficulties. France, Italy, and Belgium, on their part, were experiencing grave political, economic, and financial troubles which they could not contrive to overcome, and which countries as different as Rumania, Denmark, Greece, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and others, had the misfortune to suffer in their turn. To solve problems becoming constantly more vast and complicated, these nations could only apply means which became ever less effective, and were still further limited by their disagreement or isolation. America alone, or nearly so, escaped these difficulties and kept her resources intact. Hence it was to America, to her credit and capacity for production, that foreign governments and private persons turned more and more, through necessity, lassitude, and also, be it said, through carelessness, indolence in reforming themselves, and a liking for a minimum of effort.

This state of things, however profitable it was to the United States at that particular time, nevertheless offered only precarious security. Consequently the United States, thereby combining her taste for order and social stability with the very comprehensible desire to consolidate her advantages, and benefit, to the greatest possible extent, by a return to general prosperity, showed herself quite willing to promote any policy which, in that connection, would entail security, help to reëstablish easy circumstances, pacify people's minds, and enable American capital to be utilized and to yield equitable returns. There was one thing which the United States did not foresee — that the relaxation and convalescence of Europe, the reconciliation of her enemies and rapprochement of the European Powers, might, and *as a matter of fact were going to, work against her.*

What neither political wisdom nor a proper understanding of her own interests had been able to make Europe do, the consciousness of her dependence upon, and her obligations to, America was destined to bring about. The debts question has, indeed, proved to be the factor that has played the determining part in the political and economic evolution of Europe.

When in 1921 or 1922 a few voices in the councils of the governments or in the press uttered the first cries of alarm to call attention to the danger which, according to them, was created by the policy of raising constant loans in America; to the menace to European trade and industry of America's economic expansion and investments on the principal markets of the world; to

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the right thus involved for Washington to interfere with the political affairs of the different countries — those voices were not listened to at the time, and their warnings aroused few echoes. That was because the dissensions were still too keen, and the recollection of the conflict too recent, while the realization of the peril, on the other hand, was not sufficiently definite. That notion, however, did not take long to penetrate into people's minds. On one hand, the industrial and commercial progress of the United States was developing. On the other, the progressive ruin of a great many European currencies raised still further the sovereignty of the dollar and the power of American high finance. Investments of capital, emanating from the other side of the Atlantic, were increasing in German, French, Italian, Belgian, and other enterprises. Finally, the great noise made about the negotiations concerning the debts, the debates on the different financial agreements, discussed or decided in Washington, made the public wake up. The campaigns conducted by the press and the parliamentary debates first taught the masses their position as debtors, subsequently revealing to them the multiplicity of the debts and of the Powers indebted, as well as the weakness and inferiority of each of those Powers considered singly in comparison with the United States. Thus it was that the idea of the existence of some ratio of power between debtors and creditors was originated, and at length determined the conception of solidarity among communities involved in debts.

An unfortunate initiative on the part of the American Government, which at the time it occurred proved to be a psychological error, with consequences more deep-rooted and serious than is generally thought, doubtless made a considerable contribution to this feeling. Washington demanded from the European Powers for some of her Customs officials certain diplomatic privileges, with the right of checking and examining the books, registers, and accounts of establishments exporting goods to the United States. A categorical objection was made with one accord by the nations interested. But this step produced a tremendous sensation in all business centres, and caused the most lively emotion in all trade-unions, chambers of commerce, allied federations, and producers' syndicates. It was regarded as an endeavor to take part in foreign production and as an initial attempt to control, or even assume possession of, a domain of national sovereignty. At all events, this step had the effect of aggravating the feeling of distrust already becoming manifest, drawing in people from certain connections, reducing rivalries, and bringing about initial intergovernmental support for policies thereafter recognized by the leading authorities of European economy as having a common character.

The principal leaders of the business world — the boldest and most clear-sighted, who at the same time had the most considerable means of action at command — quickly arrived at the conclusion, after investigating the situation, that it was necessary for Europe, if she wished to retain her export markets and position as a large producer, manufacturer, and retailer, to alter from top to bottom her entire economic structure. Reduced to depending on its own strength, no European Power, with less men, money, resources, and frequently territory, than before, could possibly struggle any longer against American competition, either abroad or at home. Not only could it struggle no longer, but it was fated to lose its freedom of action. Overwhelmed by the burden of its

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debts, it found itself obliged to give a constantly increasing part of its work to pay interest on foreign money. With its saving power detrimentally affected, it was no longer able to renew or increase its working plant, and within a more or less brief period would find itself compelled to part with ever-increasing portions of its national patrimony. Factories, enterprises, houses, lands, mines, and forests would come under foreign control. On the other hand, a combination of European forces might obviate such a disaster, victoriously reverse the situation, and strictly limit the expansion of adverse forces. In its main lines the scheme contemplated was, by an understanding between producers throughout the whole of Europe, to pool their means and thus again make them formidable; to reduce general expenses by creating mutually organized buying and selling organizations; to reduce cost prices, and, thanks to rates of wages lower than those of their competitors, as also to first-rate technical men and manufacture, to organize the defense and pass to the offensive with the certainty of success.

It will presently be seen by whom, how, under what conditions, and with the aid of what levers, such a programme was about to be carried out.

However, it is advisable first to say a few words regarding the manner in which the conception of this programme corresponds with quite a big *intellectual* movement that is agitating Europe more and more, and which, although it has not the conclusive and immediately effective strength of material factors, is nevertheless far from being negligible. It is in this connection that the campaigns of the British press must be mentioned, particularly that of the press of Lord Rothermere, the plan developed for years by Herr George Bernhardt in the *Vossische Zeitung* under the heading of 'Continental Politics,' the propaganda in the form of pamphlets and conferences organized in France by M. Octave Homberg, the suggestions of M. Dariac, President of the Subcommission for Debts in the French Chamber of Deputies, and the innumerable articles and treatises published in the Italian, Belgian, French, and German press, and often inspired by eminent financial magnates, such as, for instance, the Rothschild group. We have here significant symptoms of work which was effected on popular feelings, but which, however, has only the value of local, or at most national, reactions.

The result is already different as regards the effort conducted by a certain number of writers, savants, economists, and university and political publicists with the object of promoting a Pan-European movement, whose aim, explicitly or implicitly, is directed against the United States. Menaced in her traditions and supremacy, old Europe must defend herself and struggle for the maintenance of her preëminence against anything calculated to injure or weaken her, with the assistance of the best-qualified Europeans of all nations. Such is the scheme to which the *Revue Européenne*, in particular, published in Vienna by Prince Charles Antoine de Rohan, is devoting itself. It is also the line of conduct which, last year, guided the Pan-European Congress likewise assembled at Vienna by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi. This congress represents an initial international manifestation whose influence the United States will doubtless have occasion to notice within a fairly short space of time. Under the permanent aspect of a 'Pan-European Union,' it has brought about the formation of national sections, which have been established with surprising rapidity in practically every

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European country—Austria, Germany, France, England, Italy, Belgium, Poland, and so forth. And these sections will act as centres of growing resistance against anything that may be regarded as being of American origin, or even merely subject to American influence. It will be seen that we have here an instrument which may eventually be called upon to play a great part.

Nevertheless, despite the importance that it assumes, this preparatory movement of moral and political defense has not yet gone beyond the embryonic stage. The great effort exerted has been of an *economic order*, and therein lies, for the moment, the real and principal danger for the United States. Such danger is attributable to a progressive combination, in the form of an opposing organization, *of all European industries*.

The beginning of this concentration may be said to date back to 1924, at the time of the formation of the Czechoslovakian steel cartel.

This Czechoslovakian cartel, constituted by the Austrian Rothschild group, the French Schneider group, and the German Mannesmann group, was very quickly joined by the Central European cartel comprising the Austrians, Hungarians, Rumanians, and Yugoslavs, and notably represented, in the case of Austria, by the German Thyssen group, in the case of Rumania by the British Vickers group and the Austrian Steeg group. From that moment it may be said that all the great metallurgical powers of Europe had joined forces. A central buying and selling office was established for taking import and export orders only. After a provisional agreement for one year, Poland, in her turn, became a member of this combine, which, moreover, has made a restricted agreement with the producers of Upper Silesia. In September 1926 the great steel cartel, comprising Germany, France, Belgium, Luxemburg, and the Saar, was finally constituted in its turn immediately after the formation of the European Rail Makers' Association (E. R. M. A.), thus representing *the most powerful producing concern that has yet been started*. As it stands, this coördination of the metallurgical industry represents a power of production of well over thirty million tons of steel yearly. *The absolute mastery of the world's markets is hereafter assured* for the products of the combine, which are manufactured by the latest processes in factories provided with the most modern equipment.

The prime movers of this campaign, however, do not mean to restrict their aims to the control of one of the principal branches of economic activity throughout the world. We are already in presence of a gradual amalgamation of the chemical industries, especially dyestuffs — in Germany, under the guidance of Herr von Simson, president of the chemical industries combine; in England, at the instigation of Sir Alfred Mond; in France, with the support of M. Desprêt; likewise in presence of formidable concentrations in the electrotechnical industries in particular, thanks to the efforts of M. Deutsch; also of constantly increasing understandings between textile manufacturers. The European aluminium cartel has been formed with Germany, England, France, Switzerland, Austria, and Norway as members, and it has already had the effect of completely paralyzing American activity, particularly as far as any interference with the French market is concerned. A partial understanding between the British and German steamship companies is, moreover, already an accomplished fact, and may become complete on a larger scale in the near future.

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In addition, it behooves us to note the coming into action of the international tube combine, European glue syndicate, and European federation of enamel factories and bottle manufacturers, as also the conclusion of the potash agreement. These instances make it possible to realize the progress made, and especially the rapidity with which the concentration of European industries is being effected.

Finally — a fact of paramount importance — the production of synthetic petroleum, obtained according to the process made known by Dr. Bergius, is being actively pushed in Germany. Huge factories are already erected, and, thanks to the development which this new industry promises to attain in the next few years, the hope is entertained of freeing Europe completely from the hold of the American petroleum market.

However gigantic these schemes and operations of industrial confederation may be, they are nevertheless still regarded as insufficient by some people, and do not represent the perfect weapon for economic protection and attack that it is proposed to forge. An eminent business man, Mr. Heinemann, of American nationality but of German origin and affinities, whose interests are situated chiefly in Belgium, has constituted himself the promoter of a Pan-European Industrial Union, and, for that purpose, has secured very powerful colleagues, grouped in England under the direction of Sir Alfred Mond, and in France under that of M. Louis Loucheur. The object contemplated by this *Union Industrielle* is a still further improved adjustment of economic machinery to the requirements of the moment, not only by the control of competition and collaboration of forces in one particular branch of production, but also by an understanding brought about between the different branches of industrial activity, and especially for the exploitation, use, and distribution of raw materials which the Colonial Empire of Europe can abundantly furnish, and which would free European economy from any dependence on the United States.

In view of all this energy, what conclusions is one warranted in reaching? What are the prospective relations between Europe and North America, and which of the two continents is going to benefit by expected future changes?

In the course of a recent conversation, Dr. Schacht, Governor of the Reichsbank, took occasion to express his opinion by saying that 'the United States is helping to make against it the United States of Europe.' In this expression, which on account of its brevity may appear paradoxical, Dr. Schacht outlines a truth which, in the eyes of anyone acquainted with European affairs, already assumes the character of evidence. Politically, economically, and financially, the point of view maintained by both Washington and Wall Street is producing ever-increasing distrust. *Warranted or otherwise, such distrust exists*, and it is a fact which a realistic state of mind like the Americans' must necessarily recognize. Henceforth, what is generally called 'the policy of the dollar' can no longer bring about results by means of peaceful penetration. Europe mistrusts American strength; Europe mistrusts American trade and capital. The feeling exists that the United States is endeavoring to meddle with European affairs and interfere with the national politics of countries because those countries are her debtors. What is now taking place in Central America, with the consequent reaction in all South American nations, is not calculated to remedy this state

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of mind; on the contrary, it produces the impression that in this part of the world some active collaboration might be sought and found.

The effort developed by certain Powers during the last few months is already noticeable, particularly on the part of Germany and France; they wish to dispense with the financial assistance of Wall Street and procure funds elsewhere — for instance, in Holland or Switzerland, help from these quarters being deemed less dangerous. Moreover, sufficient importance has possibly not been attached in America to another very characteristic symptom of apprehension: every nation that has proceeded to reform its currency (and the two last ones, Belgium and Yugoslavia, afford still further proof of it) establishes its new standard of currency on a sterling basis, and not on a dollar basis, which is nevertheless the true gold standard. Following the example of Germany, who is very actively engaged in effecting the renationalization of her property, by degrees all the nations of Europe are seeking the most effectual means for regaining the mastery of their respective currencies. A short time ago Dr. Schacht declared that it was essential for Germany to ensure her economic and monetary independence, and, consequently, that the use of foreign — that is, American — credit must be avoided. That opinion has now become the creed of the whole of Europe. In this domain, therefore, there is incontestably one thoroughfare, at any rate, that is barred to the United States.

Furthermore, the present movement with a view to an economic union, which is gaining the increasing adherence of England, the latest convert, entails a common attitude with respect to non-Europeans — or, in other words, against Americans.

The authorities of European economy are convinced that the method of opposition now advocated and, as has been shown, already partially applied is certain to achieve the most complete success. It will allow of the progressive elimination of American trade on the Continent of Europe, and constantly keener competition on the markets of Latin America and Asia, owing, among other things, to reductions in prices which may easily attain twenty-five to thirty per cent. One cannot overlook the fact, indeed, that the part played by American trade, however important it may be outside the United States, is only of recent date, which thus makes its nature precarious. European buyers, in particular, have only recently become accustomed to American products, a custom which is not yet firmly established.

The menace to the United States which is now taking shape is therefore far from being negligible, and deserves, in the interests of international relations alone, to be closely studied. It is not for a foreigner to discuss the manner in which such a problem should be solved from the American point of view, or to consider the advantages or drawbacks which the maintenance or cancellation of the debts offers under present circumstances. That is a matter which the United States alone is qualified to deal with. But it may appear necessary that the public opinion of the world at large should fully realize the keen character this question has now assumed and the considerable consequences which will sooner or later ensue.

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TO THE YOUTH OF LATIN AMERICA[1]

BY MANUEL UGARTE

THREE words have resounded through Latin America during the last few months — Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama. In Mexico an imperial Power has redoubled its efforts to crush the resistance of a nation indomitable in its determination to defend its freedom. In Nicaragua the same imperial Power has landed conquering legions. In Panama it has imposed a treaty that compromises the independence of a helpless nation. And as a logical corollary, our credo, 'Latin America for the Latin Americans,' has been consecrated anew from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan. . . .

Nations are greater when they sternly censor their own errors than when they pass facile judgment on their neighbors. In the new era now opening before us our first reprimand must be for our own shortsighted rulers who, blind to the consequences of their supineness, have failed to catch the vision of our continental destiny; who, obsessed by parochial prejudices and petty factional rivalries, have scorned the 'poets' who dared to dream of greater things.

Absurd as it will seem to our judges of to-morrow, it has been considered evidence of political incompetence for a public man in Latin America to think continentally. Each individual consulted solely his personal ambitions, each faction its party interests, each government its selfish rivalries. Latin America wasted her strength in internecine quarrels, as the people of Gaul did in the time of Cæsar and the Aztecs in the days of Cortes. The governing classes stigmatized as inexperience, lyricism, folly, every suggestion of united action.

Such perversity ultimately accounts for the aggressions from which our people suffer. Those primarily responsible for them are the public men who have been induced by mistaken notions of national interest, by petty jealousies of the moment, by partisan passion, or by sectional rivalries, to pawn their country's natural resources, to endure in silence attacks upon its neighbors, to accept without protest the dependence postulated by the Monroe Doctrine, and to aid and abet imperialism at Pan-American congresses while a secret cancer was gnawing at the vitals of their race.

These are the sins exclusively of our official classes. Our common people are noble and generous. Although they have been kept in ignorance of the facts, their intuition tells them what their future ought to be. If they have failed resolutely to oppose disastrous policies, it is because they have not known the truth. But the Government should have known. Therefore, I repeat, the first lesson to be learned from what is happening in Mexico, Nicaragua, and Panama is the utter failure of our present political régime.

I speak for all Latin America, without excepting those countries which still seem immune to assaults upon their sovereignty. And I speak without

[1] From *Repertorio Americano* (San José Latin American weekly), *April* 30

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rancor. Our public men may have been good or bad, but the evidence proves that they have not measured up to their responsibilities. Serving the apparent rather than the fundamental interests of their respective countries, they have imagined that governing consisted in keeping in office, in multiplying foreign loans, in dodging the difficulties of the moment. Whether tyrants, oligarchs, or legal presidents, they have been mainly intent upon protecting their class privileges and flattering sectional vanity. They have shown no comprehension of a continuous national policy, no conception of the common interests of Latin America. Blind to the consequences of their actions, they have surrendered to foreign corporations, for no adequate equivalent, mines, monopolies, and concessions, and incurred national debts which have inevitably bred conflicts, protectorates, and military occupations. Their inability to see beyond the passing convenience of the moment has involved their governments in sterile conflicts with their neighbors, for foreign Powers to adjudicate. Never before in history has a continent as rich, as vast, and as well peopled as our own so docilely bowed its neck beneath the yoke. When our diplomats talk about 'the Colossus of the North' they confess their own tragic failure. They themselves have created the Colossus of the North by surrendering to foreign banks and corporations the pledges of their country's future greatness. They themselves created the Colossus of the North when, in a continent divided into halves by blood, language, and race, they refused to unite for self-defense and joined the train of the conqueror.

As recently as the dawn of our present century Latin America might have had the powerful backing of a peaceful and flourishing Europe eager for markets and financially omnipotent. The simplest logic bade her seek this aid. But our officials lacked moral courage to adopt that course. Let no one say that North American imperialism had not yet shown its face. Without going back to the annexation of Texas, California, and New Mexico, we need only cite the Platt Amendment in Cuba and the dismemberment of Colombia to prove the contrary. Yet Theodore Roosevelt, author of the famous phrase, 'I took Panama,' was received in our capitals with the honors of an emperor. The only excuse our public men can make is that they did not realize the consequences of their acts. But that excuse is their condemnation. Men who cannot see twenty years ahead have no right to try to direct the destinies of a nation.

Let me cite a personal experience to illustrate their state of mind. In 1917, during President Carranza's Administration, I was invited to deliver a course of lectures at the University of Mexico. At once the Argentine Minister of his own accord called upon the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs and told him that if the Mexican Government were to decide, in view of certain objections that had been made to my speaking at the University, to forbid my entering the country, he, as the representative of Argentina, would raise no objection. Thus my country not only failed to protect the rights of one of her citizens, but she also failed to uphold her own prestige and her international mission in America. . . . I had the double humiliation of experiencing a personal injustice and seeing the flag of my country lowered.

The tardy repentance of some of our governments cannot mend the errors of the past. The balance of power has changed with the lapsing years. A

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policy possible in 1914 is not practicable to-day. It is a bitter confession, but the whole trend of events since then has favored the onsweep of imperialism. We shall have to pay for our failure to act at the proper time by temporizing with our aggressor. But this new policy requires far more finesse and skill than the one we might have employed before. It cannot be entrusted to men who lag behind events instead of anticipating them, and who do not awaken to the realities of the hour until the hour is long past.

Therefore it is imperative for the young men of Latin America to take active part in public affairs, and to see that the policies of their governments are directed by officials alive to the actualities of the day and competent to shape their course by them. But still more is demanded. Our failure in the past proclaims the bankruptcy of a system. We must do away with a whole order of government — with a plutocracy whose interests are identified with those of the invader, with a political ring that licks the boots of Washington to keep itself in power, with domestic dissensions that open our doors to unwelcome and usurping guests. To-day a vast majority of our people toil wearily to enrich capitalists abroad and privileged classes at home, in return for a beggarly and precarious subsistence.

We must substitute a comprehensive and consistent political policy for the self-seeking programmes of individuals, which have made the last century of our history a record of revolution and unrest. We must create a continental consciousness; we must learn to substitute action for oratory. Closer relations among our republics are possible and practicable, but the way must be prepared for them by constructive reforms in each separate country. One of the first of these should be treaties granting reciprocal civil and political rights to the citizens of any republic residing in one of its neighbors. We might except from these rights, for the time being, eligibility to the presidency or cabinet office. A Latin American High Commission should be appointed to study the possibilities of uniform financial policies, educational systems, and navigation laws, and to recommend projects to be adopted by the different governments. We should also address ourselves at once to the settlement of the petty boundary disputes that still poison the good relations between our states.

Our situation is more critical than it seems. Let us not wait until we are under the locomotive before we see our danger. We are faced by a dilemma, to fight or to surrender. We must draw upon new reserves of energy for our salvation, above all upon the young men just entering active life and the common people — the anonymous masses that have been sacrificed in the past. When all the world is pushing forward toward better things, we cannot leave our republics in the hands of paralyzing tyrannies and sterile oligarchies. . . . Above all, we must be constructive. The best antidote for imperialism is to cultivate a spirit of enterprise among ourselves, to enlist the masses in our campaign, to emancipate an electorate who, ever since we separated from Spain, have been artificially kept in tutelage in order that a few men might reap the profits of power.

Rights are not conferred by an infallible moral law; they are the perquisites of economic progress and material prosperity. It is natural and proper to protest against imperialist aggression. But mere appeals to justice will never save us; we can defend our rights successfully only by making ourselves worthy of them. . . .

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WHERE DO WE STAND?[1]

A DAWES PLAN ANALYSIS

BY M. J. BONN

THE last report of the Reparations Agent, while recognizing what has been accomplished, contains, as have its predecessors, several serious criticisms of Germany's financial and economic policies, which have not received the attention in this country that they deserve. This is partly explained by the fact that next to the war-guilt question the demand for a revision of the Dawes Plan is the favorite theme of our local propagandists. These gentlemen have an easy task. A man of ordinary intelligence would hardly consider it necessary to explain to the German people that the two and one-half billion gold marks which they must pay under the Dawes Plan for Reparations will come out of the pockets of the taxpayers and will hit them rather hard. We may have a few extreme fanatics whose incurable craving for self-mortification makes them go about proclaiming that Germany alone was responsible for the war, but self-mortification that extends to the pocketbook simply does not exist.

Dawes Plan propagandists can do two things. They may seek to educate the German public regarding the Plan's actual provisions and effects, but they must not put forced interpretations upon it to flatter German prejudices — they should point out objectively the actual difficulties it presents. We cannot say that they have done this hitherto. Very few of the people who really understand the Plan have resisted the temptation to explain it so as to serve the political interests of the moment.

These propagandists might also try to convince foreign countries, especially those interested in receiving Reparations payments, how disastrous another economic collapse in Germany would be in case the Dawes Plan were not promptly modified. Mere declamatory eloquence will accomplish nothing here. It is particularly unfortunate to magnify every little business difficulty we have and represent it as a direct consequence of that Plan. It is all right to cry when we are hurt, but we should cry at the right time and not too soon.

One important feature of the Dawes scheme is that theoretically it cannot fail, since it provides for automatic adjustment to Germany's capacity to pay. Nor is it left to sabre-rattling Allied generals to say whether our Dawes payments at any particular time come within Germany's capacity to meet them. That is determined on a basis of actual ascertainable facts by the Reparations Agent and the Transfer Commission. Protestations by Germans to the German public that these obligations are excessive have as little practical effect as the counterclaim of some political premier in France that they are too light. The Reparations Agent or the Transfer

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *July* 30

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Commission reaches its own independent conclusion upon this question.

It is the duty of these gentlemen to collect all that Germany can pay. They cannot do that indefinitely without showing due consideration to Germany's business prosperity and financial solvency. The Reparations Agent is deeply interested in seeing that our Budget is properly balanced and that our foreign exchange is kept on a stable basis. We must bear clearly in mind, however, that he is concerned in these things, not as ends in themselves, but solely as means for getting money from Germany. Should the sums required of Germany ever threaten to exceed her capacity to pay, they will be temporarily lightened, and eventually adjusted permanently to her true ability to meet them. The Reparations Agent will be in a much stronger position in respect to his employers, the creditor governments, should such a crisis arise, if he steadfastly turns a deaf ear to Germany's premature protests.

We are obligated under the Dawes Plan to turn over to the Reparations Agent in normal years two and one-half billion marks from the returns of our railway and industrial bonds, our transportation tax, and our luxury tax. When this sum is paid into the Reparations Agent's account Germany will have fulfilled her side of the bargain. So far as human reckoning can foretell, there is no likelihood that we shall have serious difficulty in making this payment. The railways will deliver their six hundred and sixty million marks, plus two hundred and ninety million marks received from the transportation tax. Our great industries will not default the three hundred million marks upon their bonds. We are already collecting in luxury taxes and customs duties 2.4 billion marks annually. That is not only sufficient to meet the 1.25 billion marks which we are obligated to pay from these sources, but it is almost enough to meet all our payments under the Dawes Plan. The Commissioner for Pledged Income can therefore claim that his requirements for a normal year are already covered twice over.

The German people will have to give up smoking and drinking, and the German Government will have to go in for extremely low tariffs, before our receipts will fall below these requirements. Opponents of the Dawes Plan have neglected their best chance for effective propaganda by failing to tour the country preaching total abstinence from both liquor and tobacco. We imagine, however, that had they done so clouds of tobacco smoke would have grown thicker and beer would have flowed freer in direct ratio to the fervor of their speeches. But assuming that such a campaign had succeeded in keeping receipts from the luxury tax below a billion marks last year, and below 1.25 billion marks this year, we might have saved the three hundred million marks in supplementary payments which we had to make in conformity with the so-called 'Little Index.'

As it is, during the third Reparations year, when the Reparations Agent will have to demand additional payments amounting to 1.5 billion marks, more than 3.5 billion marks will flow into his coffers. He will therefore have to repay the German Treasury 1.5 billion marks, which the Government can spend as it likes. When the full normal payment of 2.5 billion marks begins, the Treasury will therefore have a reserve on hand sufficient to carry it over any ordinary financial pinch.

So far as the pledged receipts are concerned, therefore, everything promises to run smoothly. On the other hand, however, the 'Free Budget,' that is, the aggregate income of the

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National and the state governments from all other sources, concerning the disposition of which the Reparations Agent has nothing to say, will not be sufficient indefinitely to meet their needs. After we begin to make maximum payments under the Dawes Plan, the Reparations Agent will not be in a position to return to the National Treasury, especially in bad years, more than a comparatively small sum out of the pledged revenues. This threatens to upset the balance of the 'Free Budget,' and therefore to make the Reparations Agent's task impossible.

Will the Reparations Agent then intervene to see that Germany's Budget does balance? His clients' interests are not directly imperiled as long as the pledged revenues produce a surplus. A deficit in the German Budget threatens these revenues only in case it leads to inflation, thus unsettling foreign exchange. The Agent's estimate of the situation will be influenced by two considerations. He must feel sure that Germany's taxes cannot be increased, because the added burden would do serious injury to business. Furthermore, he must be persuaded that Germany's public expenditures are not larger than a debtor country can properly incur. He must therefore be certain in his own mind that the Government is administered with economy, prudence, and foresight.

Unhappily, the last report of the Reparations Agent indicates precisely the opposite opinion. It further indicates that if a conflict should occur between German and Allied interests he is not inclined, without further information, to give the preference to German interests. In one passage, where he discusses the new debts incurred by the National Government, he refers explicitly to Section 248 of the Peace Treaty, thus reminding Germany's creditors, including holders of bonds whose principal has been arbitrarily reduced by the scaling law, that Reparations payments take priority of their claims. He emphasizes in another place that under the Peace Treaty the revenues of the states are also liable for Reparations demands so far as the Reparations Commission itself has not explicitly waived its priority right to them.

The Dawes experts did not assume that the payment of 2.5 billion marks, plus extras, to the Reparations Agent would cause difficulties. They were very optimistic as to Germany's ability to pay. So far experience has confirmed that opinion. They thought the real danger would come in transferring these vast sums to other countries. They took every precaution to prevent transfers from affecting German exchange rates. With this in view they provided for the automatic cessation of such transfers whenever our exchange showed signs of weakness. In such a contingency the money paid into the Reparations Agent's account was to stay in Germany.

We cannot predict at present when and to what extent that situation may arise. It is clear at once, however, that a conflict of interests might occur if the date for paying the interest and principal of foreign loans should coincide with the date for Reparations transfers. Except for payments of interest and principal upon the 'Dawes Bonds' proper, the transfers of the Reparations Agent enjoy no legal priority — certainly none so long as neither the railway bonds nor the industry bonds are on the market. We may fairly assume, therefore, that the Reparations Agent will not make it impossible for private debtors to meet their obligations to foreign creditors by insisting upon a priority right to buy whatever foreign bills are in the market. He can make

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his payments to his employers, the Allied Governments, by depositing the money to their credit in Germany, while private borrowers cannot resort to this measure without complicated negotiations possibly endangering German and international credit. Only such Reparations services as are represented by interest and principal payments upon the Dawes Bonds, which must be paid in foreign exchange and to foreign private creditors, enjoy a privileged position in this respect. It will never be possible to place the railway and industrial bonds issued under the Dawes agreement in the open market, as was suggested at Thoiry, so long as the Reparations Agent may, if so disposed, prevent the payment of their coupons abroad as they fall due. Unless he exercises that right, however, foreign remittances on Reparations account might easily mount up until they made it impossible to maintain exchange rates. Moreover, private overborrowing abroad on the part of Germany might itself embarrass the transfer of Reparations payments. But if such debts are contracted in good faith, without the Reparations Agent's raising an objection to them, that is his affair, for him to settle with the Allied Governments.

Germany's ability to meet her aggregate payments abroad on private and public account without injury to her currency and exchange will depend ultimately upon her balance of trade. A trade balance, however, is the result of commercial policy. I do not mean by this that the Government can reckon up the difference between the exports and imports of each commodity, and reduce imports and promote exports wherever there is an unfavorable balance. Such balances ultimately depend upon relative price-levels. A country that can produce cheaper than other countries will never become a dumping ground for the merchandise of its neighbors. A low price-level is a far better protection against foreign competition than a high tariff. A high price-level, as the example of the United States shows, attracts imports notwithstanding high duties.

If Germany can maintain a low price-level she will have no trouble with her exports, or with meeting her obligations abroad without imperiling her exchange. If her exports dwindle and she cannot meet her foreign obligations either by selling her products in foreign markets or by selling securities there, then her exchange will ultimately crumble and the Reparations Agent will be forced to cease making further transfers to the Allies. Unless our exchange is adversely affected by currency inflation, — and that can be dismissed as too improbable to discuss, — the stopping of further Reparations payments will be followed by a rise in foreign bills to a point encouraging gold exports. That will automatically reduce the gold reserves of the Reichsbank, and thereby the ability of the Reichsbank to extend credits by new note issues. Long before the legal minimum is reached the Bank will be forced to restrict credits in order to protect its position. The Dawes experts contemplated meeting such an emergency by raising the discount rate, which would lower prices and attract foreign capital until equilibrium was restored and Reparations transfers could be resumed. No one can say as yet whether this will work out as planned or not. The money that would accumulate in the hands of a Reparations Agent during the cessation of transfers would be available for loans, and would tend to lower the discount rate at the very time when he was especially interested in raising it. We therefore have a complicated interplay of forces.

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But that is not all. A discount policy will be effective in reducing prices only in case no contradictory policy is pursued tending to raise prices. Up to the present, notwithstanding all the good resolutions at Geneva, we have persistently courted higher prices by raising our tariffs and by organizing trusts to monopolize raw materials. When a country begins to raise tariffs the movement rapidly spreads from one of its industries to another, in order to adjust prices in each to the new level of its neighbors. So we have a discount policy, — that is, a policy of limiting credits, — which is designed to lower prices in order to promote exports, coming into direct conflict with a commercial policy which is steadily raising the cost of raw materials. Whenever the general price-level falls, an effort is immediately made to restore that level to its former height by some political or legal legerdemain. An example of that is the attempt of the Coal Syndicate to raise prices seven and one-half per cent to compensate operators for the lower prices they must now accept in export markets. Under such conditions a discount policy designed to protect German exchange by lowering prices is doomed to fail.

Is it probable that the Transfer Commission will curtail its foreign remittances because the measures which it may be forced to take to protect our exchange will be painful for the country? Is it certain that the Commission, if forced temporarily to suspend remittances, will content itself with protecting German exchange by this measure alone, without likewise trying to force down prices by a ruthless curtailment of the circulating medium, in order to speed the time when its remittances can be resumed? The plan of the Dawes experts is based upon the premise that prices can be raised and lowered by regulating money and credit. The German business world is only partly convinced of this. Will its skepticism prevent the Agent-General for Reparations from putting the theory to the test?

Anyone endeavoring to carry out a vigorous Reparations policy must realize that it is no proof that further transfers are impossible if the dollar rises so high as to invite the export of gold. He will act on the assumption that the restriction of credits which will inevitably follow the reduction of bank-note circulation incident upon shrinking gold reserves will have to continue until the price-level has actually fallen. He will be forced, therefore, to insist that Germany's commercial policy shall harmonize with her financial policy, lest traders and manufacturers seize the opportunity to push prices above the world market-level, while her financiers are trying to depress them below that level.

It is possible that those in control of affairs will be induced by prudential considerations to refrain from pushing the experiment to a point where it would prove Germany's inability to carry her Reparations burden. On the other hand, it is not certain that this may not occur. These real dangers which the Dawes Plan contains for Germany's future cannot be averted by exhorting Germans to insist on its revision. They can only be met by harmonizing financial and commercial policies and by facilitating in every way possible the smooth adjustment of the Plan to what the country can really pay.

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CHURCH PROBLEMS ABROAD

EUROPE'S DECLINING CONGREGATIONS

I. RELIGIOUS APATHY IN FRANCE[1]

THE French are not a very religious nation. They have their traditions, and a certain inherited reverence for Christian baptism, betrothal, and burial, but those who lead a religious life, in the sense that churchmen give that word, form a very small minority. France's present religious problem, therefore, is not one of popular faith so much as one of political affiliations and social and intellectual sympathies.

We have an illustration of this in the recent *L'Action Française* affair. Although the Church authorities have ordered the faithful to boycott that paper, and although they unsparingly denounce its doctrines, its subscription list has increased by some four thousand. One may well ask whether the Vatican will be the ultimate victor in such a contest. Be this as it may, we are clearly dealing here with a political rather than with a confessional question.

Naturally the religious problem in France is essentially one of the Catholic Church, for Protestants form a very small minority. There is no evidence of a religious renaissance, of a great spiritual awakening, among the people. Popular science has destroyed the older faith in revelation, the Bible, and the authority of the Church, so that to-day faith founded on the Scriptures is no longer conceived as involving belief in creeds and miracles, or the practice of particular rites, but merely as the observance in daily conduct of certain social and ethical principles based upon the public's conception of justice and charity. Among people of education rationalist Biblical criticism and the science of comparative religion have largely supplanted the old ecclesiastical dogmas.

Voltaire, Diderot, and the Encyclopædists are now commonly regarded as men who did everything possible in their age to show the errors and inconsistencies of the religious and political teaching of their day. But science scarcely existed in the eighteenth century. If it had existed, these savants would have realized that an institution like the Church cannot be founded, as they contended, upon error and deception alone. An institution that has endured almost two thousand years and is still vigorous cannot be explained away so casually. So the man of to-day starts out from modern scientific premises. He regards religious faith as something inherent in human nature, something serving permanent human needs. It cannot be brushed aside as mere superstition and error. Therefore every religion, no matter how bizarre and absurd it may seem on the surface, contains some germ of truth. The searching for this germ of truth, however, is often stigmatized by fundamentalists as antireligious. Science will nevertheless continue to investigate and analyze the function of religion in society. It is in this sense that the religious

[1] By 'J. B.,' in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *August* 8

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problem in France has become an intellectual as well as a political one.

So far as it is possible to generalize about France, the Church is in a state of spiritual stagnation. Religious reviews and newspapers constantly lament the indifference of the faithful, the disinclination of young men to enter the priesthood, and other evidences of spiritual apathy. Rarely is any attempt made, however, at a constructive approach to this problem. The inadequacy of the prevailing religious culture for our age, and the concessions that the Church must make to science, are rarely mentioned. Instead there seems to be a persistent effort to force the human mind back to the old acceptance of authority. The longer this policy is pursued, the worse it will be for the religious life of the country. It largely accounts for the fact that the intellectual élite have broken with the Church, and that beneath the surface intellectual doubt and dissent are spreading rapidly among the priesthood.

French Protestants complain that people of influence pay lip service to religion but give it no substantial financial aid. The burden of supporting the churches therefore falls upon a small and diminishing circle of loyal believers, many of whom are people of modest means. Last year the little Union Nationale des Églises Réformées Évangéliques reported a deficit of over two hundred and forty thousand francs. Naturally the poor pastors and their families are the first to suffer from this. To quote from an appeal of the Comité de la Entr'Aide: 'Our churches are far from fulfilling their first duty to their pastors — that is, to feed and clothe them. This must cause deep humiliation to all who wish to see our churches thrive.' The same appeal states that the pensions of superannuated clergymen are only three hundred francs, or about twelve dollars, a month, and those of their widows are only two hundred francs. The National Synod of France, which met a few months ago at Annonay, pointed out that the average contribution of Protestant church members for church purposes was only twenty-four francs, or ninety-six cents. The Protestants are worse off than the Catholics in having no confessional schools to feed docile young minds into their congregations. One Protestant writer complains bitterly: 'Whatever the merits of the lycées, they are rarely friendly to Protestantism. All that we can expect from these institutions — or from our universities, for that matter — is something less than benevolent neutrality; for they are pervaded with a secular — that is, an antichristian — spirit, which is often reënforced by subconscious Roman prejudices.'

Similar complaints could be quoted from Catholic sources. Those who make them are apparently unconscious of the fact that such lamentations tend to encourage rather than to lessen the apathy and the indifference of the people who are drifting away from Christianity. The average Frenchman has an inborn aversion for doctrinal controversies, or for church disputes and complaints of any kind. There are hundreds of Catholic parishes in France to-day which have no priests, and, in spite of the sedulous efforts of the Church to gather her children into her own schools, the people refuse to interest themselves in religious matters.

Notwithstanding this discouraging situation, and possibly on account of it, the loyal elements of both confessions have redoubled their zeal. For example, this year the Société des Missions Évangéliques has raised six hundred thousand francs more than last year, and the Union Nationale

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des Églises Réformées Évangéliques has reduced its deficit by one hundred thousand francs. Prayer meetings, missions, conventions, and synods multiply in an effort to combat religious indifference, and above all to lead men back to a religious life. The Protestants are trying to found colleges of their own, with complete courses including religious and moral instruction. The Institut de Glay at Doubs is a fair example of such schools. Rome will not be present at the World Church Conference at Lausanne. The question whether such a meeting will be able to accomplish much for a religious renaissance remains unanswered, but so far as conditions in France alone are concerned the prospect is not hopeful.

II. GERMAN CHURCH STATISTICS [2]

A MAJORITY of the people of Germany belong to either the Lutheran or the Catholic Church. Of the 62.4 million people of the country, 60.2 million, or 96.5 per cent, are at least nominally church members. This represents a slight decline, from 98.6 per cent in 1910, due largely to the movement out of the churches immediately after the war.

The evangelical churches had in 1925 forty million members, or almost twice as many as the Catholic Church, with 20.2 million. The absolute growth since 1910 was 1.9 million, or 5 per cent, for the Protestants, and 1.3 million, or 7 per cent, for the Catholics. Meanwhile the population increased 8 per cent. The drift out of the churches has therefore been more marked among the Protestants.

The so-called 'Free Churches' and sects have altogether only a little more than half a million members, including 70,000 Baptists, 49,000 Methodists, 30,000 Adventists, and 13,000 Mennonites. The total number of Israelites has risen since 1910 from 535,000 to 564,000, or about 5.5 per cent, as compared with the 8 per cent increase in the population already noted. This is not surprising, for the excess of births over deaths among the Jews has always been less than that of Germany as a whole. It proves, however, that the influx of Eastern Jews of which we heard so much after the war has been exaggerated. They may have tarried in Germany for a time, but most of them passed on to other countries.

Non-church members are multiplying faster than any of the confessions. They have increased from 209,000 to 1,551,000 since 1910, or seven-and-one-half-fold. About one quarter of a million of these report that they are members of New Thought societies or similar organizations. Some 160,000 people have not answered the census inquiry regarding church membership, although the Government discreetly refrains from pressing the question of real religious convictions, and merely asks the citizen's formal church affiliation. Naturally the number of men who report no church connection is larger than the number of women, although the latter have a majority of two million in the total population. Another interesting feature of Germany's latest church statistics is the fact that the increase of those who acknowledge allegiance to no religious confession is largest in Thuringia and Saxony. Contrary to what is happening in Germany as a whole, moreover, the drift away from the church in Saxony is stronger among the Catholics than among the Protestants.

[2] By Dr. Karl Wagner in *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *August* 7

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THOMAS MANN AND THE GERMAN REPUBLIC[1]

BY J. DRESCH

EVEN before the war, Thomas Mann passed as one of the greatest German novelists. His name was mentioned in the same breath with that of Gustav Frenssen — not because he resembled this popular author, but because the two men were so different. In depicting German sentimentality Frenssen seemed to have hit upon the best way of pleasing the tastes of the majority of the reading public. Thomas Mann surprised and attracted this public by exactly opposite qualities. His first collection of short stories, *Little Mr. Friedemann*, appearing in 1898, showed that he was a subtle psychologist and a penetrating, almost morbid, observer of the faults and vices of society. His first novel, *Buddenbrooks*, published in 1901, made him famous, and he followed it up with a new collection of short stories, entitled *Tristan*, and in 1905 with a play, *Fiorenza*. From that time on Thomas Mann's renown has never ceased to grow, and it can indeed be said that the appearance of *Buddenbrooks* has become a landmark in contemporary German literature.

The concert of eulogies accorded this new novelist must be taken with a grain of salt. His success, according to some critics, was based chiefly on scandal, for *Buddenbrooks* seemed to reproduce too accurately certain bourgeois groups in which the author had lived. He was reproached with having tried to obtain by means of precise allusions the same success that an obscure writer called Bilse had attracted to himself in a book describing life in a little garrison. Thomas Mann defended himself in a pamphlet entitled *Bilse and I*, and he frequently spoke of himself, his work, and his ideas. He defined his conception of the function of the artist, and of the novelist in particular, as that of a gloomy recorder of reality, whose observations should take a concrete, pointed form. He looked like a kind of de Maupassant, and possessed a marvelous style, and vigorous constructive ability. In the long, slow development of *Buddenbrooks* he shapes for us an entirely harmonious story, not in the least fulsome or ill-proportioned.

Buddenbrooks was the story of the decadence of an upper-middle-class family that deteriorated bit by bit as its physical and moral strength diminished. After a number of years only appearances kept it alive, a false kind of surface vanity, but finally it had to give place entirely to the more robust new generation and submit to the fatal laws that govern all human activity.

Another novel, published in 1909, *His Royal Highness*, depicted the decadence of an aristocratic family. This family's position in the world seemed sufficient to guarantee it against exterior assaults, but eventually that very position succeeded in undermining its prestige, because it condemned the family to remain in complete ignorance of real life. This novel would

[1] From *La Grande Revue* (Liberal literary monthly), *July*

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have appeared exceedingly pessimistic if the author had not made a point of tacking on a happy ending. Probably no other German novel had analyzed more accurately the causes of the decay of an aristocracy based on wealth and family, and the events after 1914 only served to justify the keen perceptions of the author.

But this man was not a rebel against the established order; his independence was purely philosophical, the independence of an artist who describes life as he sees it. That there was no trace of the democratic spirit in him the war clearly showed, for he signed the anti-French manifesto of the ninety-three intellectuals. He became the apologist of Frederick II, and defended even his most generally condemned policies on the basis of common morals. Frederick II was to his mind the supreme political artist, who knew but one rule — to conceive powerfully, and to use any means to gain one's ends. More or less the same spirit animates his *Considerations of a Non-Politician*. Placing himself beyond the realm of current politics, Thomas Mann here says what he thinks of the reproaches directed against Germany by the nations who were fighting her. Germany was accused of having committed acts that violated ordinary human rights, but to Thomas Mann these rights were merely an abstract classic conception that fell to pieces when faced by reality. War is the triumph of the strong man, of the superior artist, who is great so long as he succeeds. German culture disdains and is opposed to all notions of democracy, internationalism, and Rousseauism. It prefers Hegel's conception of the State to humanitarian principles. It rejects the rational spirit of the French Revolution, on which the moral idea of the Allies was based. Against Rousseau it sets up Adam Müller, the defender of tradition and 'politically the greatest thinker of Germany.'

Such was Thomas Mann's profession of faith during the war. He announced it in high-sounding tones; he declared and wished to remain *fin de siècle*, highly individualistic, free from social desires and humanitarianism, largely pessimistic, humorous, and fatalistic, a disciple of Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche. He advertised himself as a decadent something like Maurice Barrès, to whom he enjoyed comparing himself. In other words, he felt that he was an artist who observed life and experimented, but whose secret desire was to overcome the decadence in which he lived.

Has he overcome it? One may well ask. Certainly he has tried to ever since the war, and his interpretations of the events that accompanied and followed Germany's defeat are expounded with customary frankness and lucidity in a book with the characteristic title of *Efforts*. Where do these efforts lead? Probably toward enlightenment that will guide the peoples of the earth out of the chaos in which they have been plunged since 1918. The nationalism that flourished in France under Louis XIV and Napoleon and in Prussia under Frederick II and Bismarck seemed to be pretty well broken up after the long war. The whole continent will be forced to bend the knee before more vigorous peoples unless the European conscience refuses to ally itself with the nationalistic conscience.

These thoughts inspired Thomas Mann to write this book entitled *Efforts*, and they have been continued in four more important articles — *Goethe and Tolstoi*, in 1922; *Concerning the German Republic*, in 1923; *Cosmopolitanism*, in 1925; and a *Letter on Switzerland*, in 1923. Thomas Mann

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now wants to be the disciple of Goethe, for he loves his humanitarian, peaceful spirit. Goethe is more German than any other German poet, but he never sank to any form of national hatred. He was an aristocrat and a sovereign artist, he admired the France of the Revolution and the France of Napoleon. Thomas Mann has made this conception of humanity his own. In adopting it, however, he does not go back on the thoughts he expressed earlier, because he sets Goethe's humanitarianism against the bourgeois democratic humanitarianism born of the Renaissance and flowering in the Revolution of 1789. Since he feels that bourgeois liberalism is dying, he at least wishes to believe that the Mediterranean tradition of humanity can be saved. Europe seems to have responded to him, for, although liberalism and parliamentary institutions are apparently on the wane, a European feeling for humanity seems to be growing.

But the republic that Thomas Mann dreams of is not conceived in the image of the French Republic. He stated this definitely in 1923, when he made a courageous speech on the German Republic before an audience that he felt was unfavorable to him and that had given more than one evidence of its disapprobation during his address at the celebration of Gerhart Hauptmann's sixtieth birthday. This great dramatist, in order to keep his liberty intact, had just refused to enter an academy, and was in Thomas Mann's eyes the king of the German Republic. As Novalis once said, 'No king without a republic, no republic without a king.'

A prudent formula indeed, for it helped to reconcile the republican and monarchist elements in the audience. Thomas Mann took shelter behind this celebrated romantic writer, who was one of the first men in the nineteenth century to dream of a European Republic. Through a union of Goethe and Novalis, of classicism and romanticism, Thomas Mann wants to lead his fellow countrymen back to a feeling for humanity.

But Thomas Mann refused to be a pacifist — which was just as well in front of such an audience. He rejects pacifism as a deceptive Utopia, because there always will be fighting and war in the world. That is the law of nature. At the same time he desires peace, and he wants all Europe to know it. For peace is so necessary to Europe that if she does not achieve it she will perish. He combats the epical heroism of war that Treitschke cherished. We now know all too well what war is and what its effects are. 'War is a lie, and its fruits are false. However much honor one may bring to it individually, war itself is without honor. It is the triumph of all the brutal, vulgar elements that are hostile to civilization and thought. It is a bloody orgy of egotism, destruction, and perversity.'

Europe must therefore be made into a republic because the idea of a republic suggests a peaceful national civilization. How far we are from the doctrines of Adam Müller now that Thomas Mann does not even fear to modify the word 'republic' with the adjective 'democratic.' Just as he attacks Treitschke's and Bernhardi's conception of war, so also he combats Hegel's conception of the State that the prewar generation in Germany adored. The State is not, or at least ought not to be, a power above ourselves. It is in our hands, in the hands of each one of us. It has become our possession, and we should see to it that it is good. That is what the republic should be — that, and nothing else.

'Nothing else' means that it is no importation, no form of foreign

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domination, no constitution imposed by victorious France on vanquished Germany. It is not a sign of shame; it is a sign of freedom of action. Thomas Mann felt that here he touched on a point that all his hearers would understand. He expected objections — in fact, he provoked them. 'What!' people would say. 'Is this the way the champion of antipolitical and antidemocratic views, who was once so disdainful of the eighteenth century, is talking now! Is n't he a renegade and a deserter?'

Yet he affirms that he denies nothing, that he has taken back nothing essential. He speaks frankly, as he always did. There is nothing of the conservative, nothing of the revolutionary, about him, for he respects tradition, and loves liberty. Between romantic mysticism and rationalism lies a wide ground called Humanity. To dream of a republic is to blend intimately the national intellectual life with the life of the State — a union that Germany has not yet achieved, and that she must realize.

Another point arises. Just as Bavaria and Prussia came together, so can the nations of Europe unite on some common ground equally remote from the political mysticism of the East and the radical individualism of the West. Some harmonious entente can be achieved where liberty and equality will hold sway. Thus the German Republic will attain the elevated ideal that German romanticism once dreamed of. Its foundations will rest securely on the real basis of all civilization — art, poetry, and education; not on mechanics, technique, finance, and politics, which form themselves into an apparent but deceptive union. These optimistic views Thomas Mann does not fear to oppose to the pessimistic theories set forth by Spengler in his famous book, *The Decline of the West*.

His letter on Switzerland shows him more confident still. Here, he says, is a great people, partly of German blood, to whom democracy has become second nature. Yet the Swiss have lost none of their German customs — least of all their energy. Thomas Mann delights to recall a conversation he had with a Swiss citizen. 'We Boches who live in Germany,' said Mann, 'are certainly gravely to blame. The invasion of Belgium, it goes without saying, was an atrocity. But you can believe me when I say that the idea of infringing Switzerland's rights would never be tolerated by a German.' 'It would not be done without danger,' replied the Swiss. This splendid response Thomas Mann will never forget, for it amused and delighted him enormously. According to him, it shows that a democrat can express himself with bluster, and whenever he hears a German talk about democracy he thinks of Switzerland.

Switzerland also embodies the true cosmopolitan ideal, for on this little stretch of ground the German and French races have met and combined. Historic pessimism has declared that there will never be a just treaty between Germans and Frenchmen — they hate each other, and will hate each other eternally; the war between them will never end. The vanquisher will have only enough strength to pull out his sword from the body or throat of the last combatant who dies, and will then fall down dead beside his victim. 'However,' Thomas Mann replies, 'there are in Europe Frenchmen and Germans who live in peace protected by the same state. Perhaps this signifies nothing. God keep me from wanting to draw from it conclusions that would justify pessimists in the reproach that I was virtuous rather than ironical. I only think that it might be useful for certain adversaries to cast

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their eyes once in a while on what is going on in Switzerland.'

In Switzerland, too, Thomas Mann has laid the scene of his latest novel, *The Magic Mountain*, which enjoyed as much success as *Buddenbrooks*. This enchanted mountain is Davos, where tuberculars and near-tuberculars are looked after. He presents to us here a setting of cosmopolitan wealth. Once again Thomas Mann reveals himself as the novelist of nervousness and disease; yet on the whole the book is salubrious. He gives a picture of the opulent society whose blood ran thin and whose nerves were stretched tight. The year 1914 awakens the hero of the book from his apathy. In the same way Europe needs a new life that will make new blood flow through her veins; otherwise she will perish as her dynastic families have perished. May all people of intelligence and good will join in supplying her with this vigor. We may believe that these were the thoughts of Thomas Mann when he went to Paris in January 1926 at the summons of Mr. Henri Lichtenberger and the Carnegie Foundation. He was greeted warmly, and saw a number of celebrated writers, politicians, and artists. He listened to, and himself uttered, words of friendship. Naturally his visit attracted wide comment. Many Germans approved of it, and others blamed him and accused him of treason, recalling what he had said in his *Considerations of a Non-Politician*. To follow the commentaries that this trip aroused would be an instructive task, but it is more instructive still to see how Thomas Mann told about it in the little book that he published at the end of last year — *Pariser Rechenschaft*. He had been accused of having prostrated himself before France, as he himself recalls. Therefore he felt the need of justifying or explaining his conduct, and he gave an account of himself. He did not wish to displease Germans; he merely wanted to be agreeable to the French. His rôle was that of an intermediary and conciliator. This explains why his judgment has changed so much. He is just as aristocratic in his early days, just as democratic in his later period, but now he has fewer convictions, and undoubtedly likes to appear somewhat independent. Regarding this trip to Paris, he has given us neither a treatise nor a discourse, but little broken talks, often of an ironic nature, full of shifting nuances. Here again we find the qualities he displays in his novels, and especially his skill in driving home a moral lesson by physical means.

At the risk of falsifying his impressions by putting them in a résumé, let us endeavor to collect a few of them and see what has become of his republicanism. He states that even in France parliamentary institutions have many adversaries, that youth often prefers either the antidemocratic spirit of revolution or the reactionary spirit of tradition to the spirit of liberalism. He was not displeased at hearing the French criticize the rationalist liberalism that he used to attack in his earlier days. He enjoyed seeing France as it is, and to find that in some ways it is just as romantic as Germany, and more conservative. Once more he states that we must not accept all the old formulas, for they may end in ruining us all for all time, and he fires this parting shot: 'Fundamentally the nations of Europe suffer from the same disease, and all need an enlightened dictator.'

Alluding to the novels of his brother, Heinrich Mann, who goes in for purely democratic tendencies, he remarked that these books were much less well known in France than his own, and that it gave him pleasure to feel that this was due to the fact that the French

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taste responded to the artistic, aristocratic atmosphere of his own work.' He likes the elegance and finesse of French conversation, its art of nuance that he feels he too possesses. After seeing the play, *Le Nouveau Monsieur*, by de Flers and de Croisset, he passed this judgment on it: 'A comedy of moderate quality, and of a type that does not flourish in Germany, where the theatre is part temple and part restaurant, social, amusing, critical, and instructive.'

On the whole, his views on the rapprochement between France and Germany are based on what he has seen in Switzerland — two languages, two different forms of thought, that should be complementary to each other, and not opposed. More than once he found himself talking German to a person who could only speak French, but he made himself understood readily. France will always speak French and Germany German, but the two nations will understand each other just the same. Neither will attempt to impose upon the other its mentality and its feelings. Let us accept these words with confidence. We cannot expect Germany to adopt our democratic principles and make them her own. Her republic is different from ours. The essential thing is that Germany, with Thomas Mann, is turning toward Goethe.

ANGELINE[1]

BY ÉMILE ZOLA

[This hitherto unpublished short story by Émile Zola is included in a new edition of his works that is being edited by his son-in-law, Maurice Le Blond. Zola wrote it in England in 1899.]

Nearly two years ago I was bicycling along a deserted road near Orgeval, just above Poissy, when the sudden appearance of an estate by the roadside surprised me so much that I jumped off my machine to get a better look at it. Under the November sky stood a brick house, of no great distinction, in the middle of a vast garden planted with ancient trees. The cold wind played havoc among the dead leaves. What made the place extraordinary and invested it with a wild atmosphere that gripped one's heart was the frightful state of decay into which it had fallen. Since one of the rain-beaten shutters that barred the garden had torn loose, as if to announce that the property was for sale, I yielded to a curiosity compounded of sorrow and uneasiness and entered the garden.

The house must have been uninhabited for perhaps thirty or forty years. The rigors of many winters had loosened the bricks in the cornices and over the moss-covered window-frames. Lizards passed across the façade like the first ripples of approaching disaster, furrowing the still solid but uncared-for structure. The flight of steps beyond was cleft by the frost and blocked with growths of nettles and brambles. It

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looked as if it led to death and desolation. But saddest of all were the curtainless windows, bare and misty, like blinded open eyes of a soulless body, some of them broken by little boys, and all revealing the mournful void within. The vast surrounding garden presented a scene of desolation. Its former flower bed could hardly be recognized beneath the mass of spreading weeds; its little walks had been devoured by voracious plants; its hedges were transformed into virgin forests; and the wild vegetation, suggesting a deserted cemetery, was shedding its last leaves under the damp shade of venerable trees, while the autumn wind wailed a sad lament.

Listening to the despairing cry that arose from all these objects, I lost the sense of my own existence and for some time my heart was troubled with a heavy fear, a growing distress, but an ardent compassion too, and I felt the need for understanding and sympathizing with all the misery and sorrow about me. When I finally decided to go, I perceived on the other side of the road, just where it forked, a kind of inn where one could get something to drink. I entered, determined to make the people who lived there talk to me.

I only found an old woman, who served me a glass of beer. She complained of the business on this out-of-the-way road along which scarcely two bicyclists passed each day. She told her own story in vague terms, saying that she was known as Mother Toussaint, that she had come from Vernon with her husband to take charge of this inn, that at first business had been fair, but that now things were going from bad to worse, and that she was a widow. But when she had unloosed this flood of words, and I began questioning her about the neighboring estate, she became circumspect and looked at me defiantly, as if she thought I wanted to wrest important secrets from her.

'Ah, yes, La Sauvagière; the haunted house, as they call it around here. I know nothing about it, sir. It was before my time, for I shall only have been here thirty years this coming Easter, and what happened there occurred at least forty years ago. When we came here the house was in almost the same state you see it in now. Summers and winters pass, but nothing moves except the falling stones.'

'But why don't they sell it,' I asked, 'since it is for sale?'

'Ah, why, why? How should I know? People say so many things.'

Somehow I finally inspired her with confidence, and then she burned with eagerness to tell me what people said. In the first place, she told me that no girl in the neighboring village dared to enter La Sauvagière after dark because rumor had it that a poor soul revisited the place at night. When I showed my astonishment that such a story could still be believed so near Paris she shrugged her shoulders, and, though she at first tried to give the impression of being courageous, she eventually revealed her own unavowed terror.

'But you see, sir, there are certain facts. Why is n't it sold? I have seen people come who wanted to buy it, but they all went away quicker than they came, and not one of them has ever reappeared. One thing is certain — whoever risks visiting the house sees some extraordinary occurrences. Doors slam and then open noiselessly of their own accord, as if a terrible wind had blown them. Cries, groans, and sobs arise from the cellar, and if you insist on staying you hear a heart-rending voice continually crying "Angeline!" with such grief that your very bones freeze. I repeat that it is a proved fact — no one will tell you different.'

I confess that I began to get excited myself, and felt a cold chill running under my skin.

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'And who is this Angeline?'

'Ah, sir, that would mean telling you everything. Anyway, I 've told you all I know about it.'

However, she finally told me the whole story. Forty years ago, in 1858, when the Second Empire was at its height, a M. de G., who occupied a post in the Tuileries, lost his wife, by whom he had a ten-year-old daughter named Angeline, a miracle of beauty, and the living image of her mother. Two years later M. de G. married again, taking as his second wife another celebrated beauty, the widow of a general. It was alleged that after the second marriage a terrible jealousy between Angeline and her stepmother cropped up. The girl's heart was broken to see her own mother so soon forgotten and so quickly replaced by this stranger. The wife was unbalanced by always having before her this living portrait of a woman whose memory she herself could never efface. La Sauvagière belonged to the new Mme. de G., and it was there, on seeing her husband passionately embrace his daughter one evening, that she jealously struck the child down. The poor little girl fell to the floor dead, her neck broken. What followed was terrible. To save the murderess the crazed father consented to bury the girl himself in the basement of the house. There the little body lay hidden for years, during which time they said she was visiting an aunt. Finally the howling of a dog who was scratching at the soil near where she was buried revealed the crime, but the authorities at the Tuileries suppressed it for fear of scandal. M. and Mme. de G. have died, but Angeline still comes back every night, answering the voice of lamentation that calls her from her mysterious hiding place in the dark beyond.

'Nobody has lied to me,' concluded Mother Toussaint. 'It is all as true as that two and two make four.'

I listened to her in amazement, astounded at her tale, yet enthralled by the violent and sombre weirdness of the drama. This M. de G. — I had often heard him mentioned, and I had the impression that he had remarried and that some family sorrow had soon afterward darkened his life. Was this true? What a tender, tragic story it was — one that aroused all the human passions, to the point of madness. A crime of passion of the most terrifying nature — a little girl, beautiful as the day, killed by her stepmother, and then buried in the corner of a cellar by the father who adored her. It was too full of emotion and horror to be true. I decided to make some more inquiries and talk the matter over further. But then I asked myself: To what purpose? Why not carry this fearful tale in my mind with the fresh bloom of popular imagination still upon it?

As I got on my bicycle again I cast one last look on La Sauvagière. Night was falling, and the distressful house looked at me with its empty troubled windows like the eyes of death, while the autumn wind lamented in the ancient trees.

Why did this story lodge in my head until it became an obsession, a veritable torment? In vain I told myself that legends like this circulated all through the countryside, and that this one really held no direct interest for me. But in spite of myself the dead child haunted me — that delicious, tragic Angeline whom an imploring voice had summoned every night for forty years through empty rooms in an abandoned house.

During the first two months of the winter I undertook some researches. Such a disappearance, though not important in itself, obviously contained enough dramatic interest to have been mentioned in the newspapers of the

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time. I went through the files at the Bibliothèque Nationale without discovering anything. Then I inquired among people who were employed at the Tuileries at the time, but not one of them could give me a clear reply, and many of them contradicted each other. I had just about abandoned all hope of finding the truth, though I was never free from torment at the thought of the mystery, when one morning good fortune started me down a new path.

Every two or three weeks I used to pay a visit of friendliness, tenderness, and admiration to the aged poet, V., who died last April almost seventy years old. For many years paralysis had nailed him to an armchair in his little study on the rue d'Assas, and his window looked out on the Luxembourg Gardens. There he was living a gentle life of dreams, having always dwelt in the world of imagination, where he had constructed for himself his own ideal palace in which he had loved and suffered far from the world of reality. Who does not recall his lovable face, his white hair, curly as a child's, his pale blue eyes that had preserved the innocence of youth? It could not be said of him that he always lied. The truth is that he invented unceasingly, and you could never tell just where reality ended and dreams began. He was a thoroughly charming old man, removed for a long time from active life, and his conversation often stirred me like a discreet and vague revelation of the unknown.

On this particular day I was sitting near the window in his narrow room that a warm fire always heated. Outside it was terribly cold. The Luxembourg Gardens were covered with a vast white expanse of immaculate snow. I don't know how I happened to mention the story of La Sauvagière, but it still preoccupied me. He listened with a tranquil smile behind which lurked a touch of sadness while I told him about the remarried father, the stepmother's jealousy of the little girl who was the image of the first wife, and finally about the burial in the cellar. Silence ensued as his pale gaze lost itself in the distant white immensity of the Luxembourg, while a shadow of dreams emanating from his person seemed to surround him with a quivering aura.

'I knew M. de G. intimately,' he remarked slowly. 'I knew his first wife, a woman of superhuman beauty; and I knew his second, a woman no less prodigiously endowed. I loved them both passionately, though I never said a word about it. I knew Angeline, and she was more beautiful still — men would have adored her on their knees. But things did not happen as you say.'

This stirred me profoundly. Had I at last found the unexpected truth of which I had despaired? Was I going to know everything? At first I had no doubts whatever, and I said to him, 'Ah, my friend, what a service you will do me. At last my poor mind can be pacified. Speak quickly. Tell me everything.'

But he did not hear me, and his gaze was still lost in the distance. At length he spoke in a dreamy voice, as if he were himself creating the people and things he talked about.

'At the age of twelve Angeline possessed a soul in which all a woman's love had already flowered with transports of joy and sorrow. She it was who became wildly jealous of the new wife whom she saw every day in her father's arms. She suffered as if from an act of frightful treason, for the new couple were not only insulting her mother, they were torturing her and tearing out her heart. Every night she heard her mother calling to her from her tomb, and one night, overcome by suffering and by the immensity of her love, this

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twelve-year-old girl plunged a knife into her own heart.'

I uttered a cry. 'Good Lord, is it possible!'

'What an unexpected horror it was the next day,' he continued without listening to me, 'when M. and Mme. de G. found Angeline in her little bed with this knife buried to the hilt in her breast. They were on the point of departure for Italy, and there was no one in the house but an old servant who had brought up the child. Terrified that they might be accused of a crime, they called her to their aid and buried the little body under an orange tree in a corner of the greenhouse that stands behind their dwelling. There the remains were found when the old nurse told the story after the couple had died.'

Doubts assailed me, and I anxiously questioned him, asking whether he had not invented the tale.

'Do you, too, really believe,' I demanded, 'that Angeline can return every night in response to the heart-rending cry of that mysterious voice?'

This time he looked at me, and once more broke into an indulgent smile.

'Return, my friend? Why, everyone returns. Why not allow the soul of that dear little dead girl to go on inhabiting the place where she loved and suffered? If you hear a voice calling out to her, it means that her life has not yet begun again; but it *will* begin again, you may be sure of that, for everything begins again, and nothing is lost, neither love nor beauty. Angeline! Angeline! And she will be born again among the sunshine and the flowers.'

This neither convinced nor calmed me. My old poet with the soul of a child had only brought me more trouble. Surely he was inventing, though, like all dreamers, perhaps he divined correctly.

'That's quite true, is it — all that you have told me?' I finally dared to ask him with a laugh. He too became gay.

'Why, of course it's true. Is n't the infinite always true?'

This was the last time I saw him, for I had to leave Paris shortly afterward. But I still remember him reflectively gazing upon the snow-covered Luxembourg, so tranquilly certain of his eternal dream, while for my part I was devoured by the eternal necessity of pinning down fugitive truth.

Eighteen months passed. I had had to travel, since great troubles and great joys had stirred my life. But invariably at certain times I would hear passing by me from afar the desolate cry of 'Angeline! Angeline!' And I would still tremble, assailed with doubt, tortured with the necessity of knowing for sure. I could not forget, and uncertainty is my only hell.

I cannot say how it happened, but one beautiful June evening I found myself once more bicycling down the road past La Sauvagière. Had I actually wished to see it, or was it pure instinct that made me leave the main road? It was almost eight o'clock, but, since it was one of the longest days of the year, a triumphant sunset still blazed in a cloudless infinity of gold and azure. How light and delicious the air, what a sweet smell of trees and flowers, what tender gladness in the immense peace of the countryside.

Again, as on the first occasion, I was stupefied into leaping off my machine as I passed La Sauvagière. But I hesitated a minute. This was not the same piece of property. A lovely new garden glowed under the setting sun, the walls had been rebuilt, and the house, which I could barely descry among the trees, seemed to have assumed the laughing gayety of youth. Was this the resurrection that my friend had announced?

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Had Angeline come to life in reply to the summons of that far-off voice?

I stood on the road, frozen with astonishment, until someone walking near me made me jump. It was Mother Toussaint, leading a cow from a neighboring pasture.

'Those people there were n't afraid,' I said, pointing to the house.

She recognized me, and stopped her animal.

'Ah, sir, there are people who would step on the toes of God Almighty. A year ago the present owner bought it; but he is a painter, — the painter B., — and, as you know, artists are capable of anything.'

As she led her cow away, she added over her shoulder, 'Well, we 'll have to see how it turns out.'

This painter, the ingenious and delicate artist who had painted so many lovely Parisian ladies, I knew slightly. We used to shake hands whenever we met on the street, in the theatre, or at exhibitions. Suddenly I was seized by an irresistible desire to go in, to confess myself to him, and to beg him to tell me the truth about this Sauvagière place whose mystery had obsessed me. Without reasoning, without stopping to think of my dusty bicycling clothes that I had become accustomed to wearing everywhere, I wheeled my machine up to the mossy trunk of an old tree. In response to the clear ringing of a bell whose handle stuck out of the garden door, a servant appeared, to whom I gave my card, while he asked me to wait in the garden.

My surprise increased as I looked about me. The outside of the house had been repaired — no more lizards, no more loose bricks. The flight of steps, garnished with roses, had once more become a threshold of happy welcome. The living windows were laughing now, telling of happiness within behind their white curtains. The garden itself had been rid of its brambles and nettles, the flower bed had been reconstructed into a great odorous bouquet, and the old trees had been rejuvenated by the golden rain of the springtime sun.

When the servant appeared again he led me into a room, and told me that the gentleman of the house had gone to the near-by village, but that he would soon return. I would have waited for hours, and I kept my patience by looking over the room in which I found myself. It was luxuriously fitted out with thick carpets, cretonne portières and hangings, a huge sofa, and deep armchairs. The tapestries were so ample that I was astonished at how quickly day disappeared. Soon night had almost entirely come. I do not know how long I had to wait, for I had been forgotten, and no one brought in a lamp. Seated here in the shadows, I set myself to living over again the whole tragic story, yielding to reverie. Had Angeline been assassinated? Had she plunged a knife into her heart? And I confess that in this haunted house, now darkened once more, fear seized me — at first only lightly, to be sure, yet with a little tingle on the surface of my skin; but as time went on I was exasperated to find myself freezing from head to foot, and reduced to a state of real madness.

At first I seemed to hear vague noises somewhere. No doubt they came from the depths of the cellar — muffled cries, stifled sobs, the dull tread of a ghost. The noise mounted, drew nearer — the whole house seemed full of frightful distress. Suddenly, and with increasing volume, the terrible cry rang out, 'Angeline! Angeline! Angeline!' I thought I felt a cold breath passing across my face as a door opened sharply and Angeline entered. She walked across the room without seeing me, but I recognized her in the shaft of light that entered with her from the illuminated

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vestibule. This was indeed the little twelve-year-old dead girl, miraculously beautiful, her superb blonde hair flowing over her shoulders; and she was dressed in white — the pure white of the earth from which she arose every night. Silent and abstracted, she passed me and disappeared through another door as the cry rang out once more, further away this time, 'Angeline! Angeline! Angeline!' I stood rooted to the spot, my forehead damp with sweat, while every hair on my body vibrated with horror at this terrifying gust of mystery.

I believe that it was almost at this moment that the servant finally brought in the light and I was simultaneously conscious that the painter was there, shaking me by the hand and excusing himself for having made me wait so long. I had no false pride, and therefore told him the whole story at once, as I had heard it. With what astonishment did he listen to me, and with what hearty peals of laughter did he hasten to reassure me.

'My dear fellow, you evidently do not know that I am the second Mme. de G.'s cousin. The poor woman! To accuse her of the murder of this child whom she loved and whose death she lamented as much as her husband did! The only true thing you have said is that the poor little girl lies dead here — not slain by her own hand (God forbid), but the victim of a sudden fever that struck her down like a thunderbolt. As a result the parents had a horror of this house, and would never come back to it — which explains why it remained uninhabited during their lifetime. After they died, interminable legal processes prevented its being sold promptly. I wanted it, however, and I waited many long years, and I can assure you that we have had no visitors from the other world.'

Still quaking a little, I babbled: 'But Angeline — I just saw her right there a minute ago. The terrible voice was calling her, and she walked right through this room.'

He looked at me in astonishment, thinking that I had lost my reason. Then he burst into a happy laugh.

'That was my daughter you just saw. M. de G. was her godfather, and for memory's sake he gave her the name of Angeline. No doubt her mother just called her, and she went through this room.'

He opened the door himself and uttered the same cry, 'Angeline! Angeline! Angeline!'

The child returned, alive, vibrating with joy. It was she indeed, in her white dress, with her lovely blonde hair flowing over her shoulders, so beautiful, so radiant with hope, that she seemed to personify the whole springtime season and to give promise of love and a long, happy life.

The dear girl had returned — the dead child was born again in the new one. My old friend the poet had not lied: nothing is lost; everything begins again — beauty and love, both. Their mothers' voices call these little girls of yesterday, these lovers of to-morrow, and they return to life in sunshine and flowers. It was with this reawakened child that the house was haunted now, and to-day it had become young and happy again in the joy, at last rediscovered, of eternal life.

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THE DWARF PEA[1]

BY FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

[THIS unpublished story by the great Provençal writer will appear in a second volume of *Proses d'almanach*, to be issued by the house of Bernard Grasset.]

ONCE upon a time there was a young fellow called Jeannot. One fine day Jeannot said to his mother, 'Mother, give me a dwarf pea.'

'What do you want to do with it, my child?'

'Make my fortune.'

'What a booby!'

'Mother, I'm not a booby. Give me a dwarf pea, I tell you, and with this dwarf pea I'll make my fortune.'

'Here's a dwarf pea, then.'

Jeannot left with his dwarf pea, and at nightfall he arrived at the door of a farmhouse.

'Greetings, my fine fellows! Will you extend your hospitality to me and my dwarf pea?'

'Why not?' replied the master of the house. 'You will sleep in the hayloft, and your dwarf pea, you rascal, will sleep in your pocket.'

'Oh, no. If it's all the same to you, please let my dwarf pea sleep with your chickens.'

'All right, it shall sleep with the chickens.'

They took the dwarf pea to the henhouse, and our friend went to sleep in the hayloft.

The next morning Jeannot got up and looked for his pea in the henhouse, but — good-bye, pea! — it was n't there.

Jeannot went to find the master of the house.

'Your chickens,' he said, 'have devoured my dwarf pea. Master, I want you to give me the finest of these chickens; otherwise I'll set fire to your house.'

'You dirty little scoundrel! You miserable little cheat!'

'There's no holding a scoundrel, and I've told you what I want. Give it to me — or look out.'

The farmer was afraid, and gave him the chicken.

Jeannot departed with his fine chicken. At nightfall he arrived at another farm.

'Greetings, my fine fellows! Will you extend your hospitality to me and my chicken?'

'Why not?' replied the master of the house. 'You shall sleep in the stable, and your chicken, you rascal, shall sleep with ours.'

'Oh, no. If you don't mind, I want my chicken to sleep with your pigs.'

'All right, it shall sleep with the pigs.'

They took the chicken to the pigpen, and our friend went to sleep in the stable.

The next morning Jeannot arose, went to the pigpen to look for his chicken — but no more chicken!

Jeannot went to find the master.

'Your pigs have eaten my chicken,

[1] From *Le Temps* (Paris semiofficial opportunist daily), *August* 6

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master, and you are going to give me the finest of your pigs, or I'll poison the lot of them to-night.'

'You miserable cheat! You miserable scoundrel!'

'There's no holding a cheat. I've told you what I want. If you won't agree to it — look out.'

The proprietor was frightened, and gave him the pig.

Jeannot departed with his pig, and at nightfall arrived at a block of houses.

'Greetings, my fine fellows! Will you give us lodging — me and my pig?'

'Why not?' replied the master. 'You shall sleep with the farm hands, and your pig, you rascal, shall sleep with our pigs.'

'Oh, no. If you don't mind, I want my pig to sleep with your cattle.'

'All right, he shall sleep with the cattle.'

They took the pig out to the cattle shed, and our friend went to sleep with the farm hands.

The next morning Jeannot arose and went to look for his pig in the cattle shed. But the cattle had killed the animal with their horns.

Jeannot went to find the master.

'Your cattle,' he said, 'have gored my pig to death. Master, you are going to give me the finest of your bovines, or I'll cast a spell over your cattle and will kill them all.'

'You miserable little rascal! You miserable little ruffian!'

'There's no holding a rascal. I've told you what I want — so look out.'

The cattle raiser was frightened, and gave him an ox.

Jeannot departed with the ox, and presently met a gravedigger burying a woman.

'Hey, you! Do you want to exchange your dead woman for an ox?'

'Miserable sinner!' replied the gravedigger. 'Don't joke about such things.'

'I'm not joking. Will you swap?'

'All right, let's.'

Jeannot at once heaved the poor dead woman on to his back and walked and walked. Finally he arrived at a castle behind which flowed a ribbon of water. What did Jeannot do? He sat the woman down on top of her own heels at the edge of the water, put a handkerchief in one of her hands and a stick in the other, and made her assume the position of a person engaged in washing clothes. Having done this, he went to the castle.

'Good day. Do you happen to need a gardener?'

'Yes,' replied the gentleman.

'If you want to employ me, my wife and I will be at your service.'

A bargain was struck, and the gentleman hired them both.

When it was time to eat, our friend left his work and appeared at the table.

'But how about your wife?' asked the gentleman. 'Where have you left her?'

'Oh, I'd forgotten about her,' replied Jeannot. 'She must be out back there washing her clothes in the stream.'

'Out back there?' said the daughter of the castle. 'I'll go call her; she must be hungry.'

'Yes, go call her.'

The girl rushed out to the edge of the stream, and when she saw the woman washing she shouted, 'Laundress, laundress, are n't you coming to get something to eat?'

No reply.

The girl returned to Jeannot.

'I called your wife, but she would n't answer.'

'Oh, Lord,' cried Jeannot, 'did n't I tell you she was deaf? Why, my lovely maiden, you could call her all night and she'd never hear you. She's deaf as a post, you see. If you want her to hear you, don't be afraid, if you'll

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excuse my saying so, of hitting her on the shoulder.'

The lovely maiden returned to the washing place, touched the dead woman on the shoulder, and — splash! — the body fell into the water head first.

'Hi, hi! Come quickly, Jeannot — your wife is drowning.'

Jeannot came, his hands to his head.

'Oh, you wretched girl! You've drowned my wife. What will become of me? What shall I say? What shall I do? I'm lost!'

The gentleman came; his wife came; everyone crowded around.

'Sir,' cried Jeannot, 'you are going to give me your daughter; otherwise, you have drowned my wife, and I'll have the law on you.'

The gentleman was frightened; he had his daughter marry Jeannot at once. And when Jeannot went to get his mother and bring her to the wedding he said, 'Well, what did I tell you, Mother? With a dwarf pea I have made my fortune.'

MORE MOTORING IN PERSIA. I[1]

BY BERNHARD KELLERMANN

LAST winter was unusually severe in Ispahan. Until early March a thin crust of ice covered the water in our courtyard fountain every morning, although it was hot in the noonday sun. Yet we had but one snowfall and but one rainy day. This was also unprecedented, for ordinarily it snows in Ispahan five or six times a year and rains from fifteen to twenty days.

Now as we approach April, however, the gardens are green and the almond and plum trees are in full bloom. The fields are covered with water from the irrigation ditches which cobweb the broad plains that encircle the city, and peasants are busy with their spring labors. The most common crop looks to me like weeds, but it is something quite different — poppy. In fact, the district of Ispahan produces four and one-half million pounds of opium a year, most of which goes to China. It is the principal source of income in this part of the country.

Tobacco is also raised, and shipped to Turkey and Egypt, together with some cotton, which goes to Russia. There is also quite an export of almonds. Today the rug industry is comparatively unimportant.

I have engaged new servants for my trip. My cook, whose name is Hadji Kassim, has traveled extensively, and has made two pilgrimages to Mecca. I am also taking with me a twelve-year-old boy named Mohammed Ali, who has attached himself to me during the last few weeks and simply insists upon going. His mother is on a pilgrimage to Kerbela, and he has no one to look after him. His luggage consists of a ragged rug and an extra shirt — a rather scanty outfit for a nine-hundred-mile cross-country journey. I therefore have decided to supply him what he needs along the way. He has just come back from a mandatory visit to the public

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily) *July* 16, 24, *August* 4

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bath, several shades lighter, and with his head shaven to the crown, so that he looks like a young Mongol warrior. The chauffeur of my passenger automobile is an Arab named Chalil, who promises to remain with me till we reach India. I have engaged two small cars, one for our party, the other for our luggage, since the roads are very bad. The two chauffeurs for the luggage car look like bandits, but are really honest, good-natured fellows, like most Persians of their class. The owner of the two cars, Mohammed Khan, goes with us. Since we have no room for him inside, he is to sit on the running board. He takes this philosophically, as if it were the way the owner generally rides. He likewise is traveling light, his only luggage consisting of a sheepskin and a pocketknife.

I have agreed to pay the usual price of one toman, six krans a farsakh, which works out at about forty cents American currency a mile. Just as we were leaving, however, the owner tried to hold me up for a higher price. When I ordered him to unload the cars at once, he quickly gave in, for a dozen automobiles were standing idle in the garages of Ispahan, anxious for the job.

A last glance backward at the domes of the city from the heights that border the plain, and we plunge again into the silence of a rugged upland desert. For a time we can still discern faint patches of a tender green and an uncertain shimmer of water in the remote distance. Twelve miles from the city, near a dilapidated caravansary, we find an enterprising German who is attempting in partnership with a Persian to develop a great tract of land containing more than thirty thousand acres. He has sunk sixty-three deep wells, connected by a tunnel for collecting ground water, which he pumps into his irrigation ditches with a Diesel motor. He already has several thousand fruit trees set out. His tractor is parked in the courtyard of the deserted caravansary. The land has cost the partners nothing, for an ancient Persian law gives a man title to any unoccupied desert country which he brings into cultivation.

Our excellent road leads straight as a string across the plateau, which shimmers in the noonday heat. Beyond, it ascends a barren ridge and rapidly becomes worse. We reach a second broad plateau, where lies the caravansary of Mahiar, dating from the days of Shah Abbas. Here is a caravan of twelve camels, carrying cotton from Ispahan to Bushire. We wait some time for our baggage car, which carries our provisions, and when it does not arrive proceed without it. We then come to a third plateau, where the character of the country changes as by magic, for the whole region is dotted with farms and villages and almond orchards in full bloom. Our car halts suddenly as if with astonishment. In fact, there is actually a pool of water, from whose bosom an exotic-looking brownish-gold duck regards us with interest. A few miles beyond lies Quimisheh, our day's destination.

To our great surprise we find here a pretty brand-new inn, situated in a still unfinished garden. We engage all the rooms in the establishment, — namely, two, — and are at once surrounded by a crowd of curious spectators. They perch in rows upon the garden wall and start to climb upon the roof of the building, knocking down a few tiles, one of which hits a servant on the head. The crowd laughs merrily, considering this a great joke, while the fellow goes off howling. Thereupon the proprietor appears and wrathfully drives the intruders from the roof by throwing stones at them.

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The coolness of the evening is delightful after the sultry day. My servants and the chauffeurs roll up in their rugs on the terrace. Quimisheh itself has already retired to its nightly slumbers. On the airy verandah of the tea house above, however, a few guests still linger under a swaying lamp. Somewhere in the distance a tuneful spirit trills a melancholy air upon a flute. I have heard an almost identical melody played by gypsy shepherds in Rumania. From the rice fields a couple of frogs add their hoarse chorus, as of clanging, rattling cymbals, at regular intervals. For a little time it sounds like a musical competition. At length the frogs win and the flute player is silent, having retired to his slumbers.

We leave Quimisheh over a bad road running through a long cut between steep clay banks. The soil around most Persian settlements is torn up like that of a battlefield, because new wells and ditches are constantly being dug, and the old ones are never filled. Although it is appreciably cooler, for we are traveling at an elevation of six thousand feet, the dusty air across the plain shivers in the reflected sunlight. Distant mountain-peaks swim about the haze like peaceful islands in an azure sea, and the neighboring villages seem to be floating in dreamy opalescent lakes. The road winds in the distance like a light blue river that overflows its low banks here and there. Paradoxically, in this dry land every atmospheric effect suggests water.

We cross a gravelly plateau and find ourselves in a tangle of low mountain ranges from which there seems to be no exit. A lofty peak capped with heavy snow-fields gazes down at us. It is Kuh-i-Ajuk, over twelve thousand feet high. We make a short halt in front of the gates of Amanabad, a very ancient town built entirely of mud. It is surrounded by an adobe wall some thirty feet high, buttressed by round towers. The inhabitants live in mud huts inside. The city gate, which consists of heavy iron-bound timbers, is so low that I am obliged to bend my head to enter. A mob of dirty women who hardly take the trouble to veil their faces, and of unkempt children and asses, fills the little muddy streets. Practically every child wears an amulet of blue glass beads sewed around its arm. In front of the town gate is a deep well.

The weather grows worse. Whirling clouds of reddish-yellow sand half obscure the domes of the mosques of the Yazd-i-Khast. As we are passing the desolate cemetery of this little town the road suddenly ceases. The chauffeur throws on the brakes and stops. The road has utterly vanished.

Directly in front of us a river has, in the course of ages, worn through the sandstone a great canyon several hundred yards wide and perhaps one hundred and fifty feet deep. The bottom of the canyon as far as the vision reaches is carpeted with luxuriant emerald fields. It is a surprising and delightful sight after so many hours' travel in barren gray stony wastes. This brilliant green checkerboard is not the only interesting sight, however, that Yazd-i-Khast has to offer. The town itself has such a grotesque, fantastic aspect that upon first catching sight of it one hardly trusts his eyes. At some earlier period of its history it was evidently a robber's castle, commanding the fords across the river. Ancient deserted and ruinous fortifications straddle a narrow sandstone and conglomerate ridge about two hundred and fifty feet above the stream bed. The ridge itself is pierced by countless caves and tunnels, some of which have fallen in; and the ruins themselves are in the last stage of dilapidation. The

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old town itself is likewise a mass of wreckage. Thousands of empty window-openings stare vacantly at one from the crowded narrow three- and four-story houses. Collapsed domes, sagging balconies, half-fallen watch-towers, the skeleton of a mosque, all so gnawed and crumbled by time that one expects them at any moment to crash down in a cloud of dust and fragments, complete the picture; for to-day only a fraction of the former population remains.

Finally we pick up the road again close to the cemetery, where it leads down in a sharp curve to the river bed below. A procession of two-wheeled carts is coming up the steep hill, the horses straining every muscle to gain a few inches and stopping each yard or so to rest. Sweaty men seize the wheels by the spokes and shout and grunt as they urge the beasts forward. All along the wayside lie articles thrown out to lighten loads. At the bottom the road makes a sudden turn around the base of the ridge upon which the old town is perched, and crosses the shallow river over a narrow stone bridge, on the further end of which squats a smoke-blackened old caravansary, likewise half in ruins.

The chauffeur protests that this place has a bad reputation, and wants to go on to a better inn at Abbadeh. Hadji Kassim, our cook, distrusts the people and insists that they are thieves — 'stealmen.' Indeed, it is a most unprepossessing old ruin. I decide, however, to investigate, and discover a couple of rooms on the second floor over the entrance — cold and damp, to be sure, and without doors or sashes in the windows, but adequate for our purpose.

An old woman whose face is covered with boils hastens up to sweep out the dirt. Kassim sets up his kitchen in a draughty place and soon has a bright fire going. In front of us towers the old robber castle, and from the roof our vision ranges over miles of green valley-bottom. The courtyard is crowded with camels, and others are resting outside between the building and the stream. Altogether four caravans are here, with nearly four hundred camels — the largest number that I have seen together during my travels through Persia. When they are bedded down they cover a considerable area. The peasants gladly allow them on their newly ploughed fields, for they leave behind a considerable quantity of dung.

These caravans are bound from Ispahan to Shiraz, with cotton, tobacco, opium, and hides. Hundreds of packages of freight lie between the groups of feeding animals. The cotton is pressed in solid bales, the opium is in containers shaped like beehives, the tobacco is packed in large tidy wooden boxes, and the hides are simply rolled up in bundles. Each caravan leader carries two three-cornered very dark green pennants embroidered with Persian lions and other designs.

The animals are led to drink in the river in groups of about thirty. A dozen or more scampering little ones among them, ranging from a few days to a few weeks old, accompany them. They are white or light brown as a rule, and are very stilty in their movements on their long slender legs. The youngest are wrapped in cloth, and several have blue glass bead amulets like those worn by children. It takes several hours for all the animals to drink. After they have been bedded down for a short rest the smoke of the camp fires rises between them, while their drivers squat around and talk.

As soon as it is dark packing begins, and for two hours the tinkling of camel bells breaks the silence of the night. Nothing is visible, scarcely a flicker of

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light, but the whole valley-bottom is rumorous with the tinkling of bells, the grumbling of protesting animals, and the low calls of their drivers. It reminds me of an army setting forth on a night march.

Finally the first caravan gets into motion. Its leader goes in front, carrying a lamp, which quickly vanishes in the darkness, while the long file of animals stalks after him in a single line, their lofty loads of bales and boxes looming immense against the faint glimmer of the sky as they pass. Noiselessly they file past like giant shadows, the softly paddy sound of their footsteps scarcely audible. Now and then a snort, or the subdued voice of a driver tightening a cord or straightening a pack, is heard.

The leading animals are experienced desert travelers who have put tens of thousands of miles behind them in these long night journeys. They know every trail, and can find their way alone from water hole to water hole. Silent, their heads thrust high in the cool night air, they stride easily along with the composure of deeply meditating philosophers. They know that it is their eternal task thus to stalk onward under the stars with four or five hundredweight of freight upon their backs, and have reconciled themselves to their fate. They know, too, that their drivers share their own fortunes. Both are destined to spend their nights together wandering under the stars until they reach their last haven, God knows where. The young camels chase along beside their heavily laden mothers, who stop occasionally to allow them to keep up. As one little black fellow rushes past me with a caper, a driver calls back, 'His name is Hussein.'

For an hour or more the procession moves steadily past through the darkness. The last to make ready for the march is the caravan in the courtyard. The animals no longer lie in groups, as they did while they were eating, but singly, with their packs piled on their side. The drivers need no light, but work in the darkness solely by the sense of touch. The camels know that it is time for business. They growl, toss their heads, and grind their teeth in protest. As soon as the heavy burdens are on their backs, however, they jump up with a growl, knowing that it will do no good to resist, and after that are all readiness and gentleness. After the last detachment leaves the courtyard everything becomes silent except for the murmur of the stream and the sound of the caravan bells growing fainter in the distance.

I rise at dawn, but peasants are already laboring in the fields where the camels were bedded. On the bridge and in the river stand asses with water bags slung across their backs. As I study the old town above me through my glasses I see five women unconcernedly sitting at a dizzy height above the valley-bottom upon an unrailed balcony whose mouldering supports threaten every moment to collapse. Yet there they are, perched directly over the abyss, placidly spinning wool.

A lively row is going on in the courtyard. The proprietor demands eight krans for letting us sleep in his draughty rooms. My servants will tolerate no such extortion. After a few minutes of frightful clamor, they finally agree upon one half this sum.

The road out of the valley is as steep as the one we descended last night, but we manage to make the grade with the help of a crowd of willing peasants pushing from behind. Right at the steepest point we meet a mule train, and for a few minutes chaos reigns. Now we are again on the plateau. Sand and gravel on either hand and barren mountains on the horizon repeat the

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scenery of the day before. At a lonely station called Tarsov the gendarmes motion us to halt. They want to sell us a gazelle they have just shot. They have eaten one haunch, and ask four krans for what is left. My Arab chauffeur tells them they are crazy, and starts his motor. Finally we buy the rest of the carcass for six krans, and tie it behind with our reserve tires. Beyond the barren mountains in the middle distance rises a new snow-covered giant, Kuh-i-Dina, its white summit glittering in the sun. It is higher than Mont Blanc. A cold wind makes us draw our cloaks closer around us.

At Abbadeh we find excellent quarters, an extensive new inn in a new garden. There is even a washbasin in the vestibule, made out of an old kerosene tin. A motor hood has been ingeniously used to make a smoke collector over the fireplace in my room, and the keys of sardine cans have been converted into clothing hooks. Altogether a very up-to-date place. These clean modern inns along the principal highways of Persia are due to the automobile. This one is not doing much business as yet, however — only two or three cars a day.

We are offered three mountain sheep which have just been shot. They are magnificent animals with immense horns, and are said to be numerous in the neighboring mountains. But we already have our gazelle. From this point we follow the Shiraz road to Surmag, a village embosomed in blossoming orchards. There we make further inquiries about our route, for at this point the legendary road to the oasis of Abr-Quh is said to branch off from the main highway. We learn that there are three ways of getting there, but that two are not traversable by motor car. The third will be pointed out to us at the next gendarme station a few miles beyond.

We find the gendarmes in question, as is invariably the case in these out-of-the-way posts, accommodating and kindly people. Since the road is difficult to find, one of the soldiers volunteers to accompany us a little way. Taking his rifle, he clambers up on the cases of gasoline in our baggage wagon, and we start off, zigzagging across the desert. The baggage wagon sails like a ship, disappearing completely at times in the hollows, but there is not the slightest trace of a road. We cross pebbly stream-bottoms, climb banks, descend into gullies. I expect every moment that the owner of our cars and the chauffeurs will strike, but they seem to find this kind of travel quite normal. Mohammed Khan bobs about on his case of gasoline with the most contented air in the world. He is delighted at being piloted over a new automobile highway like this.

'*Chub?* (Good?)' I ask doubtfully, pointing to the invisible way.

'*Chele chub* (Very good),' he answers, and nods with satisfaction. Although it is bright sunshine, our baggage car forges ahead with the lights turned on. Finally we come upon the traces of five or six camel-tracks running parallel across the pebbly plain. This is the best automobile road for travelers from Surmag to Yezd via Abr-Quh. I note with satisfaction that the Anglo-Persian Telegraph line, which has hitherto followed us everywhere, at length disappears. We cross a low pass where mountains of interesting formation and wonderful coloring close in upon us. Here our gendarme, who is an enthusiastic hunter, repeatedly reports herds of from two hundred to five hundred gazelles. But we can see nothing.

For some distance beyond the pass we follow a dry river-bed. Then the plain becomes flatter, and we make excellent headway. We pass desert plants laden with yellow blossoms. It is grow-

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ing hot. In the distance we descry something that looks like a tree. A little later we pass several ruined old caravansaries long since deserted. At length we make out clearly in the distance trees and houses. On the whole, the trip has been easier than I expected.

The soldier leaves us, for we cannot miss our way now, and two hours later, having made nearly twelve miles in the interval, we reach the desert village of Faragha. Its walls and domes are so white that they dazzle the eyes. In a moment our cars are surrounded by such a dense crowd of curious people that we have difficulty in getting out, for motors are a rarity at this point. An old peasant tells me that I am the first German to visit the place in twenty years. After admiring an ancient stocky stone lion carved from granite in the cemetery, we continue on our way. The mountains that have been following us for days gradually settle below the horizon behind us, and in the dim distance ahead the barely discernible blue silhouette of another range appears. These are the mountains of Yezd.

But where is the great desert plain of Baiban, for the most part unexplored, which is supposed to extend for ninety miles or more on either hand? It seems to have changed to a lagoon country, or a Dutch landscape on a hot summer day. We can see plainly great banks of reeds, turquoise strips of water, and sailing vessels idly moored by shadowy shores. Surely those are islands yonder! And just to the right of that chalk-white promontory lies a two-master motionless — 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' (Later we discovered that this was one of the domes of Abr-Quh.) The deception is so perfect that even my chauffeur, Arab though he is, hesitates. 'We are running into a lake!'

I point out to him, however, that the lake also stretches over to the right, where we had seen desert only a moment before.

Gray storm-clouds suddenly sweep over the mountains we have left behind us. Rainbows are visible. Although the rain has begun to beat with heavy drops upon us, I am induced by the sight of a marvelous tree filled with violet blossoms to stop at a fantastic-looking mill. In fact, there is real water here, brought in a narrow irrigation ditch from the mountains thirty-five miles away. The violet tree proves to be an acacia, but its blossoms are of a deeper hue than I ever saw before. Around the little mill are other trees and ruins, the remnants of a village deserted many years ago.

The storm-clouds hang over us now as black as graphite. Instantly the lakes and lagoons have vanished. We are approaching a tangle of domes and minarets, the oasis of Abr-Quh. A ruined city lies in front of us. Two half-fallen minarets still bear traces of the beautiful blue tiles that formerly encrusted them. One mosque dome has fallen in. Ditches and excavations trench the ground so that it seems impossible to reach the town. Nevertheless, we cautiously move forward. A European chauffeur would have refused to try it. Mohammed Khan walks ahead to show the way. He nods contentedly. He sees nothing remarkable about it. We thread streets so narrow that the mudguards graze the walls on either side. I fear that we may be caught at a point where we can go neither forward nor backward. Finally we reach a plaza covered with débris, where to our utter astonishment our baggage wagon turns up a few minutes later. I have never been able to make out how it made some of the curves and corners of those narrow passages.

We halt in the square for consultation. Naturally we can put up our

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tents and camp here if necessary. Surely our cars cannot go farther. I am informed that the road ahead is unpassable. Just then, Hadji, my cook, rushes up in great excitement. To his extreme delight, he has unexpectedly run across a friend from Tabriz, who is the lieutenant of a garrison of thirty men stationed at this point. That gentleman offers us the hospitality of his house, which is only fifty yards from the plaza. I accept. Soldiers are sent to guard our cars. The house is dilapidated enough, but was evidently once an ambitious establishment. European architects could learn much from the Persians about imposing interior design. Unfortunately, the place has no doors or windows. We install ourselves as well as we can, while lightning shimmers over the neighboring plains. The storm, however, makes a sudden detour and the longed-for rain fails to come. That is the curse of Abr-Quh.

To-day the town has about five thousand inhabitants, or perhaps a quarter or a sixth of its former population. It receives its water from the mountains we crossed some thirty miles away. This is supplemented by rare rainfalls. A few houses belonging to the wealthy residents have chimney-like towers, slit with long narrow openings. They are designed to cool the rooms below. Without these *badgir*, or 'wind-catchers,' the heat would be unendurable during the summer.

Our hospitable host insists on serving us supper — a mountain of rice and an excellent ragout, the latter from the poor gazelle which we have been carrying with us for two days past.

We chat about all sorts of things. Yonder in the sandstone mountains which dazzle the eye like chalk in the sunlight is a temple, the mausoleum of a shah. When English troops occupied Abr-Quh during the World War they interested themselves greatly in this building. Since they were not able to get into the vault easily, they blew it up with explosives, ruining the whole structure. It has been rebuilt since the war, but the English are still bitterly hated.

I gather that the people of Abr-Quh have never been what we should call good citizens. Between ourselves, they are reputed to have been fond of taking what belonged to other people. In other words, they were desert bandits, 'who would cut a man's throat for an onion,' as they say here. Of course their bad reputation is somewhat exaggerated. Nevertheless they are recalcitrant fellows, and were loath to acknowledge the sovereignty of Riza Khan. Therefore soldiers were sent down from Teheran not long ago, and bombarded the town, thus contributing somewhat to its present ruinous condition. Since then, however, there has been no trouble.

Our host informs us that there is excellent hunting here — not only mountain sheep and gazelles, which are exceedingly plentiful, but also wolves and panthers.

'And jackals?' I ask.

The lieutenant smiles at my innocence. 'They are everywhere. Quite possibly you will discover them prowling about your room to-night.' And, indeed, even while we are talking we hear them whining in the orchard outside.

Abr-Quh must at one time have been a handsome town. Its deserted palaces, its great mausoleums, its crumbling mosques, indicate that it was formerly a centre of art and culture. Around the ruins are luxuriant gardens and meadows of an indescribably rich green.

Late this morning we have resumed our journey, picking our way for a time with great caution. Our worst obsta-

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cles are the irrigation ditches, which are often raised a yard or so above the highway. Our cars ascend them, the front wheels spin in the slimy ditch-bottom, and then slowly ascend the opposite bank, to let the hind wheels take their turn at spinning idly in the water. At the village of Fakhrabad the women flee in a panic at the sight of our car. One of them runs like a startled chicken directly in front of our radiator instead of darting to one side, and finally saves herself by swinging over a garden wall.

For a time our road ran between green fields. At a picturesque pool I called to a young fellow, whereupon he took to his heels and disappeared. This was the last settlement in Abr-Quh Oasis, and a few minutes later we were again in the desert.

This desert of Abr-Quh stretches from the vicinity of Ispahan in a southeasterly direction for nearly two hundred miles. It is sixty miles wide, and is bordered on either side by nearly parallel mountain ranges. We have a day's journey of about sixty miles directly across this waterless tract before us. It is not much for an automobile unless we have a breakdown, but it is an inferno for animals, who require three nights to cover the distance.

No road exists from this point on. The foot-tracks of occasional caravans are so faint that it takes a professional tracker to follow them. If we wander from the right path we run serious risks, for most of the desert is still unexplored. At once the spirits of Baiban begin to weave their deceptions around us. In the illusive atmosphere little desert shrubs assume the form of orchards and houses. A whitish-yellow dune-crest rushes toward us like a foam-capped billow. A few minutes later we are coursing over what seems to be a magnificent sea-beach. Yesterday's storm touched this point and the sand is still wet, so we make good speed. There is not a trace of vegetation in sight, and the camel tracks have completely disappeared.

Toward the south we see the ruins of a long-since-deserted caravansary capping a sand-hill. From that point on not a single landmark breaks the yellow surface except occasional outcrops of chalk-white sandstone polished by the wind. Snow fields glisten on the misty gray summits of the distant mountains. Occasionally we pass a bleached skull or the skeleton of an animal. Then suddenly (we can scarcely believe our eyes) we encounter the tracks of an automobile — no, two — which have passed quite recently. (This was a great mystery at the time, but we learned afterward that a couple of military trucks had passed this way two weeks previously.) It is a happy chance, for we are now upon an unmistakable route where for a considerable time stone pyramids erected every mile or so guide the traveler across the tractless waste.

But are n't those trees yonder — three of them, with low shrubbery at their base? Even as we watch, however, the trees seem to shrivel up and change into — camels? ostriches? I study them through my glass, and discover that what seems shrubbery is a mule train, while the high trees are three camels; and another mysterious object proves to be a man mounted on an ass. It is the outfit of a soldier and a peasant on their way to Abr-Quh.

A little later the plateau dips perceptibly toward the east. Crossing a steepish sand dune, we reach the little desert fort of Kalasurk, a sun-baked cube of dark red clay surmounted by a watchtower. Inside is a huge funnel-like structure, almost as big as the fort itself, to collect water, for Kalasurk depends upon the rare rains for its scanty

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supply. The garrison consists of a non-commissioned officer and two privates. They have a magnificent desert view from their watchtower, but little else to entertain them. Far eastward two white patches are visible. They tell us that precious stones — sapphires and turquoises, if I understand rightly — are found at one of these points; and the other is a little place called Deashir, or Salt Village.

Thither we direct our course, and in about an hour reach the green terraces of this desert hamlet. A little brook of saltish water feeds a reservoir, from which the terraces are irrigated. Everybody crowds around to see our cars, but no one knows much about the road beyond. The usual caravan route to Yezd runs northwest through the mountains, and is impracticable for motor cars, which make a wide detour through the lower country, of which the inhabitants, who never use such conveyances, are utterly ignorant. In Europe we build roads for automobiles; in Persia the automobile makes its own roads. Since he cannot cross the mountains by pack-train trails, the motor-car pilot follows the valleys until he finds a low pass into another valley, and by a succession of crisscrossing and detouring finally reaches his destination.

This is our procedure, and for some time our cars perforce keep more and more to the southeast, although our destination lies to the northeast. At a little village called Katu, where the peasants are very friendly, I notice that the men wear their turbans in the Indian fashion, loose and high. The material is made at Yezd, where there is quite a cloth industry, and is mostly checked or striped in blue and reddish yellow. This village is very tidy, and its fields are well cultivated. We pass two or three other little hamlets surrounded by mud walls, and dirty and miserable enough inside, where crowds of sick people and beggars surround our car the moment we stop. One of these villages, named Ernau, lies at the base of a jagged-topped mountain, which looks like the crater of a volcano, and had already attracted my attention at Abr-Quh. My English 'Map of Persia in Six Sheets' — which, by the way, has proved most inaccurate — notes this summit as 'Snowpeak,' although I can hardly imagine snow upon it except for a very short time in the depth of winter.

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HEAT THAT KILLS[1]

BY RENÉ VILIERS

[THE author has served in the French Foreign Legion in Morocco and Tonkin in Farther India. His exhausting adventure ended, and his body covered with sores, he was promoted to the civil service.]

MUCH has been written of the French Foreign Legion in Algeria and Morocco, but as yet nothing has been published of the legionnaire in Tonkin — which indicates how few return from their long period of service in that most distant colony of France, the golden dreamland of every legionnaire.

Cochin China, Anam, and Cambodia have long been a French protectorate, although each of these regions has its own prince and they are held by French *colonials* or marines. But Tonkin and the highland country of Laos are colonies under the French Government. Thousands fall victim here to the heat, fever, and malaria, as well as to the bandits who ravage the country. The weather-beaten, storm-hardened legionnaire is sent to this outpost near the Chinese boundary, where the few Europeans he meets either suffer from tropical fever or, what is still worse, take opium. His garrison lies in the worst district.

French colonial troops are even stationed in South Tonkin by the delta of the Claire and Song-Koi rivers. If anyone ever goes on a dangerous expedition, it is the man who goes to fight all these perils and to perish from them. In the belief that they can escape the hot African sun which has beaten down upon them for so long, several hardened legionnaires eagerly embark whenever they hear that a transport is going to Tonkin. The land of which they have heard so much lies within easy reach, pay is high, rice liquor is cheap, and the native wife of the legionnaire is not despised.

Immediately upon his arrival at the post in the Sahara Desert the soldier hears the stories of old-timers who have luckily returned from Tonkin, and these enhance his desire to go there, far from the arduous drill and work of Africa.

To be sure, no white person works in Tonkin; nor does the common soldier find it difficult to dispose of his extra pay. Even the garrison room is cleaned out by native 'boys.' The legionnaire's shoes and clothes are removed by these little fellows, who clean and press them as he takes his siesta; and boys wait on him in the dining-room. Sometimes the trooper must change his clothes as often as three times a day, and upon such occasions a boy launderer comes around and does all his washing for a mere pittance.

But when he wishes to return, the legionnaire finds that it is too late, for he is living in a veritable frying pan, where disease is rampant. In Tonkin cholera attacks ninety-nine of every hundred members of the garrison. He also suffers from acute dysentery and from violent sunstroke that suddenly strikes down its victims, making them

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Liberal weekly), *August* 6

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hysterical, and quickly killing them.

The legionnaire has no sooner begun his long-wished-for journey than he tries to escape from the degrading regulations. At calm Port Said by the entrance of the Suez Canal tugs pull the boat, while the sun overhead shoots its hot rays down through the rigging. But as he looks at the city and harbor the legionnaire feels as if he were behind the bars of a prison cell. He hears a harsh command to come on deck in his entire winter outfit — canvas leggings, coat, and a girdle three metres long. Otherwise he must remain in his cabin during the passage through the canal. Noncommissioned officers take command on the deck, standing at intervals of three feet. Two companies of the Foreign Legion are quartered in the forecastle of the ship, and the hatchways are at least twenty feet apart.

So beautiful was the scene that greeted us as we passed through the canal that I can recall it to-day with pleasure. Some of the wise fellows got together and talked of a strike.

Immediately upon leaving Port Said we entered the canal where only fifty metres lay between the ship and the shore. Suddenly near the forward hatch we heard a loud noise. It seemed that several half-naked soldiers had tried to jump overboard in a vain attempt to escape. With lightninglike rapidity a lieutenant ran forward to stop them. At the same moment half a dozen legionnaires sprang to the deck out of the unguarded hatchway and began climbing up the rigging. They leaped, and a moment later their heads were seen in the water near the bank. The officers returned to their posts with wry faces, not even bothering to set out in pursuit. Since the fugitives were Turks and Armenians, they did not have far to go to their native country.

Near Singapore, where nobody thought an escape would be attempted, another drama was enacted, with a tragic ending this time, and it showed how hard a man will struggle to regain liberty. Our ship was several miles out of Singapore. On the horizon far to the south we could see the mountains of Java through the bluish light. Suddenly I heard a splash, then another, then another. Apparently a desperate escape was being committed to the high waves, for we soon saw three legionnaires swimming with all their might toward the distant land to the south. The unfortunate lads had not imagined that their commander, who was on deck, would report 'Man overboard' to the captain of the ship. The steamer made a wide turn, a boat was manned, and after several hours two were rescued. The third disappeared.

At the table I heard of the punishment that followed. The two survivors were entirely dressed, with full equipment and packs, bound hand and foot, and imprisoned in a chamber above the boiler-room. What this means in a region only two degrees from the equator can well be imagined; it was like putting them in an oven or roasting them over a fire.

The other legionnaires woke up from their pleasant dreams when they reached Haifong and discovered that it was two days' journey to the 'best' post. Ha Giang and Lao Kay are the names given to these garrisons, where the strongest legionnaire cannot last more than three months. In these posts he is stationed for two months, and then sent elsewhere for a two months' interval.

The terrible humid heat claims hundreds of victims annually. The quivering miasmas rising from the rice fields and from decayed primeval forests that flourished about the year 100 A.D. fill the air with their fetid fog, and swarms of mosquitoes rise in great clouds. The hot mists of innumerable streams re-

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flect, refract, and magnify the heat of the sun. All this slowly brings the European to certain death.

Every month the sampan, the company's river boat, brings back the pay roll on the Song-Koi River from Kao-Bang. Twelve men from the Legion accompany the boat on the first stage of the journey. The transport leaves at two o'clock in the morning, so that the high water can assist the boatmen and enable them to get to the first stop before daybreak. The tired legionnaires lie at the bottom of the boat, with a thin bamboo awning as their only protection against the blazing sun. In spite of all their efforts to avoid the heat, the rays are reflected from the water so fiercely that sweat oozes from every pore and their clothing becomes wringing wet.

The heat of Farther India, which melts the blood and brain, is not like the dry heat of Africa. We cannot avoid it by seeking shelter or shade. We cannot bathe, for the reflection of light from the river causes sunstroke. We wash in a dark room. The cravings of a parched throat cannot be satisfied with ice water, for it makes us deathly sick. Every second European that comes to Tonkin has swelling of the liver.

This journey to the first post was especially hot, but finally it came to an end. The people here live in skillfully thatched huts in the shadow of a rock wall that protects them from the sun but not from the heat. The 'boys' who were always with us carried away dinner once more, for nobody had any appetite. Soon we were soaked in perspiration. And even at night the starry heavens brought no relief. You 'd think that they would rescue us, that they would mean freedom and fresh air. Not at all! The hammering, pounding brain keeps reminding us of the cross we have to bear.

This merciless heat constantly demands new victims. First one legionnaire goes, a second follows, and a third, until six men have succumbed to the Tonkin sun. The casualty list tells the story of those whom the sun has made crazy or the heat has killed. This scroll shows how rapidly they succeed one another, for the oldest names come first.

Whoever leaves his room without his tropical helmet is immediately subjected to severe discipline, and if he is again seen going about without this headpiece it is believed he is seeking suicide, and the officers of the regiment assemble in a council of discipline and send him to a punishment company. Not that he will be forced to labor — in Tonkin no white man is allowed to work; it is enough punishment to remain at the worst post of the Foreign Legion. More than sixty per cent never return, and the remainder last only a year.

To prevent more serious illness, the poor legionnaire must take heavy doses of bitter quinine. He consequently develops pimples and running sores; but of this he makes a bitter joke. When in good health they greet each other, 'Emma, you laugh,' but when they discover this devastating illness they exclaim, 'Emma, you weep.' Although their skin disease is cured rapidly and painlessly, dysentery agonizes them for days on end, until they cry out in their pain for death to release them.

All these diseases caused by the intolerable heat threaten the legionnaire in this land that he once regarded as Utopia. In the morning while he is still fresh and lively he sings the simple songs of his European childhood, but on the same afternoon he may set forth on his own funeral procession.

The small regimental band plays, and to the deep tones of Chopin's Funeral March the legionnaire mutters, 'Lost in Tonkin.'

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GERMANY'S MAIDEN OF MIRACLES[1]

BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG VON WEISL

I AM sitting beside the prophetess, Therese Neumann, while a semicircle of eager, fearful visitors stands around asking 'the holy girl of Konnersreuth' for her aid. I observe her stigmata. On Friday, when she fell into a state of ecstasy and blood streamed down her cheeks, she seemed an old woman. To-day she looks her real age of twenty-nine. But she also shows the marks of serious illness. Pale and very thin, quite weary, a little old maid wearing modest clothes, and black crocheted lace mitts to conceal the wounds of Christ in her hands, and with a white cap tied under her chin.

Essentially, however, there is nothing old-maidish or artificial about her. The way she talks to her visitors is unaffected, winning, and modest. I am tempted to use the word 'humble,' in its spiritual sense. Her visitors' questions are childish, often foolish. They all begin by asking the same sort of thing — generally about some simple problem they should know already. But after a while curiosity gets the better of them and they beg to be allowed to see the marks of her wounds.

Willingly she pulls back her mitts and reveals the dark red wounds, stretching out her hands to me so that I, as a doctor, can examine them. In the middle of the back of each hand I perceive a thin dark-brown scab about the size and shape of a thumb nail. The scar is fresh, and the wound itself is light red and inflamed. In reply to her visitors' questions she asserts that these symptoms can only be observed to-day, Saturday; to-morrow they disappear. She adds that the irregular scab can be washed off, though the red stigmata remain. On her palms the same bright-red scabs can also be found. At times the patient feels as if these two wounds on the back and surface of her hand touched each other. Her other stigmata I did not ask to see. Only over the wound in her heart did Therese Neumann say she had the feeling that it was piercing deeper and deeper and working right to her heart's core.

The pilgrims and visitors, whether believers or skeptics, are astounded at the sight. I myself could not keep from feeling a kind of wonder when I saw before my eyes what I had so often heard about and not believed. To be sure, stigmata are not unknown. Quite the opposite — the Catholic Church has compiled a long list of people who bore them. The figures vary from one hundred and twenty to three hundred and twenty, of which I believe only sixty were authenticated as holy. One can bear the wound marks of the Saviour without being considered holy, just as one can be a saint without the wounds. Saint Theresa of Jesus, the great Theresa, for example, whose early history, and especially her sickness, closely resembled that of the Konnersreuth girl, never bore stigmata. Saint Catherine of Siena only had invisible stigmata. In brief, stigmata are perhaps something for scientists

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *August* 18, 19

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to wonder at, but not for theologians.

The last visitors took their leave, and I found myself alone with the prophetess. I told her how impressed I was at her tolerance toward all these people and the good nature with which she bore her troubles, and that it was a great honor in the sight of God to bear so great a cross. She nodded her head and said, 'Yes, that is so — a great cross, and a great honor.' I then asked her if it was true that her prayers had helped so many people. She replied: 'Particularly in spiritual matters. I have helped people who did not believe in God to recover their faith.'

Luncheon was brought in for the priest and his guest, while Therese Neumann sat apart. This gave me the opportunity to inquire into the most puzzling problem of all — her refusal of food. She asserted that since Christmas she had not taken anything except the Holy Communion, and even that she swallowed with the greatest difficulty.

'But if you see food before you, don't you want to eat it?'

'Why should I?' replied Therese. 'Food is good, perhaps; but it makes me sick to my stomach. I have no taste for it.'

'Have n't you any appetite at all, Fräulein Neumann? Does n't it hurt you not to be able to eat anything?'

'No, I have no appetite. Food is a matter of indifference to me. I do not need it.'

I asked how she explained it that she could go for months on end without food and drink. She said that it was God's will, and she felt that there was nothing unusual about it. What God wills happens. I agreed with her. It is just as wonderful to live by eating as it is to live without it. The only thing is, we are so accustomed to the first miracle that it no longer astonishes us.

These two manifestations — stigmata and fasting — are not unknown in history. Saint Nicholas Flueli testified that he fasted twenty years, so the priest assured me; but I do not know if this was a complete fast. Saint Theresa of Jesus tells about Saint Peter of Alcantara, who often went from three to eight days without food or drink. To be sure, that is no great attainment, for it is well within the powers of a healthy man. Fasts continuing for two weeks and longer are physiologically possible.

Therese Neumann was watched for two weeks by four holy sisters — and sharply watched. It can be flatly asserted that during this time she could have taken no food unless by a miracle. The supervision, however, lasted no longer; but it does remain indisputable that during this fourteen-day fast Therese Neumann lost no weight, in spite of the great frenzies she went through on Fridays, and in spite of the fact that she was never confined to bed. The exhaustion of calories in the course of those days must have been so great that loss of weight would be bound to result. It simply must.

A state of swollen paralysis also can be observed. The girl told me that she had festering ulcers on her neck years ago. But I noticed that as she talks she swallows saliva from time to time, as everyone does. Only one explanation of her fast can be offered: it is simulation — conscious or unconscious, intentional or unintentional — or, of course, a miracle.

Two hours later I was again sitting with Therese Neumann when a relation of hers came in, bringing her an article from a provincial paper in which a doctor had said that she was hysterical and could not be cured as long as she remained in her present surroundings. The good doctor went on to say that hysterical people 'pushed their own personalities into the foreground,' that they were egotists who wanted to im-

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press their followers with their own sufferings. In short, he felt compelled to advise Therese Neumann that she ought not to stay where she was. At first the girl refused to read the article at all — she said that she never read such things. The priest also bore this out, telling me that the girl read only mystical books which I, to my shame, have never looked at. But when she learned that the doctor described her as hysterical, she said to me: 'What do you say to that, Herr Doktor? It is a flat lie. But I will not allow anything like that to be said. To-day a lawyer told me that I could lodge a complaint about this — it is slander.'

I advised her to protest. She was quite right in finding the article of my colleague unfriendly. He had assembled a mass of symptoms not one fifth of which Therese Neumann exhibited. For one thing, she gave no evidence of endeavoring to push herself forward, as the doctor had asserted hysterical people do, with a view to playing a part. On the contrary, she was a model of proper humility, as I have said. One of the most difficult problems in religious psychology is to account for the humbleness of saints. To a realist it seems incredible that anyone whose spirit is in close touch with God can, in spite of that, abase himself and find himself unworthy. Yet this quality is recognized by all religions as the sure sign of saintliness. It is not only true of Catholics: the Bible praises Moses as an example of humility; the cabala says that when the Messiah appears he will not be recognized, but that anyone who says he is the Messiah is not. Clearly, then, theologians have always been very careful to draw a line between godliness and hysteria or megalomania.

We talked about Palestine. I had been told that Professor Wutz, a devout Catholic and an expert scholar of Oriental languages, had investigated the patient for weeks on end. He reported that he had recognized in her speech the words of Jesus, and a great many other expressions in Aramaic.

Every Friday the prophetess has the same vision. She is chiefly interested in the Saviour, and she does not observe His surroundings clearly. This is lamentable, since there is a bitter controversy about the situation of Golgotha, where, according to the Gospels, Jesus was led to be crucified. An undoubtedly false tradition maintains that Golgotha was inside the walls of Jerusalem, to the west of the Temple. Protestant scholars place it farther north. The girl drew a map in my notebook, which I compared with schoolbook-atlas maps of old Jerusalem.

I can make this assertion — she sketched out a map of Jerusalem as if she had seen it herself. In minor respects it was inaccurate. In essentials, and especially in the situation of the Mount of Calvary, she gave a fairly accurate version of the erroneous Catholic tradition concerning the situation of Golgotha, but by way of novelty she shifted it westward to the hill by the gate of Jaffa.

She said that the houses appeared to be built of a whitish-gray stone, and had flat roofs. There were many trees, chiefly palms, and some others that looked like dark cypresses. If these were hallucinations, then they must have been based on some blackboard view of Jerusalem that she had retained in her mind. I told her that it would be hard to identify this Jerusalem with the Jerusalem of the present time; the modern city is some twenty yards higher, and it is built on the ruins of the other. The girl was as happy as a child. 'See,' she cried to the priest, 'the doctor says that the old Jerusalem was something quite differ-

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ent. That is why I cannot describe it as it is to-day.'

Again the question arose whether this joy was the delight of an hysterical person or whether it was the childish joy of a harmless village maiden who sees her own story, concerning whose truth she has no doubt, substantiated by the reports of a traveler who has seen the Holy Land with his own eyes.

I took my leave, and talked a little longer with the priest in the vestibule. He told me that the girl had not prayed for her stigmata with a view to resembling a picture of some crucifix that she had in her mind, as I had suspected. On the contrary, all the pictures she had seen of the Saviour were shoddy and impossible.

As I went away the priest said: 'You know that all these manifestations are nothing unusual. The important thing is that the girl prays. And how simply, naturally, and sincerely she does it! Just like a child talking to its father. She says the Lord's Prayer best of all. The way she does it is miraculous. In her prayer there is more, much more, than we of to-day can describe. Something is being prepared here that we cannot understand, something whose development we cannot even imagine.'

To-morrow morning I must, unfortunately, go back to Berlin. I have before me a difficult problem — the development of an hysterical invalid into a prophetess. Perhaps by to-morrow the last symptoms of her hysteria will have disappeared. Yet her religious strength will not have suffered at all, only her outward appearance. How much of this is natural, how much unnatural, and how much supernatural, I must discover.

Critics have given two explanations of the Konnersreuth case, some saying that it is a deliberate hoax and fake, while others seek to explain it as pure hysteria. I do not believe that it is a fake, not only because the girl did not impress me that way when I saw her, — I realize that I too may be deceived, — but also because she is such a devout Catholic. Although this might account for her visions, hallucinations, and nightmares, it denies the possibility of conscious deception. Every Friday thousands of curious people come to Konnersreuth to see Therese Neumann in person. The Catholic Church, moreover, is very skeptical and strict in such matters. It examines all the evidence and sees whether the phenomena could possibly be caused by material forces; it takes every precaution against deception.

We may be sure that this is no hoax; but we cannot be so sure that suggestion, or autosuggestion, has not occurred. The critic who says that it is simply hysteria would seem to be closer to the truth; but hysteria is a diagnosis, not an explanation.

Let us first consider the stigmata. These have been known, not only in modern times, but in the old days, as 'hysterical stigmata.' We know that through hypnotism a rash may be produced on the skin. It follows that the same phenomenon can also be produced through autosuggestion or self-hypnosis. But this only applies to a rash, not to a bleeding wound.

It could be added, however, that a particularly strong hysterical power of the mind might produce a bleeding wound. In fact, this patient had lain paralyzed, blind, and deaf for many years, during which she could have become deeply immersed in religious thoughts and exercises of will power. Furthermore, during this long period of utter seclusion she sought with all the power of her will for just one thing — the stigmata that would enable her to enjoy the sufferings of Christ. When the wounds at length appeared, she

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scoffed at healing ointments. It is amazing to see how zealously and for how long she set her mind on this one ambition, the stigmata of Christ. Few men indeed could serve and seek their God, even a God like that of Therese Neumann, without distractions. But I believe that in the breast of every man lies the same power that Therese Neumann possesses. Particularly I believe that hysterical men may have the power to will their bodies to do as they like and to subdue them. The first problem has been solved by the Indian penitent or dervish, who unconsciously diverts hysteria, just as the modern European theosophist seeks an answer to the questions of life in nature philosophy. The difference between our hysterical convulsions and those of a dervish is that the latter seeks a different goal. In the first instance we have the convulsions of a highly egoistical person who lacks unconscious desires. The dervish, on the other hand, becomes the medium of a higher object, subduing his ego out of existence. He seeks the way to God, or to his soul, or to the God in his soul. I believe that it would be well to strike a balance between these two hysterias.

All in all, I believe in the authenticity of the stigmata. I believe they are an hysterical symptom, and I am convinced that they may be produced by the mind desiring them. But I also believe that this desire is abnormal. In the case of Therese Neumann, however, I did not feel that she willfully tried to play with her subconscious mind to excite the stigmata.

Her inability to eat presents a more difficult problem. I do not believe this is associated with the 'elevated' religious hysteria of which we have just spoken. These symptoms, I feel, assuredly go back to some complex of the post-dream hysteria brought on by a cold, or perhaps by fright, when she was burned in 1918. We can understand how the stomach of the patient might rebel against long undernourishment and poor treatment. We can also understand her hysterical loss of appetite and the fact that she cannot eat. Why? The idea of sin; nausea — perhaps sexual nausea; the will to suffer — all these play a part. Only a psychoanalyst that examined her entire life could discover the true grounds. The inability to eat increases to the limit. This is not exceptional: where Therese Neumann differs is in seeming to lack corporeality. She walks with pain on the stigmata on both her feet, and as she walks she puts all her weight on her heels.

It is possible that she eats unconsciously, perhaps while walking in her sleep. We cannot rule out unconscious deception in this instance, for I cannot believe that anyone can hold out and fast like the Neumann girl. Many cases of prolonged fasts are recorded. It is said, for example, that Peter of Alcantara fasted for eight days, but he was as 'dry as a tree-root.' Indian penitents often fast for a week in their warm climate; and the seers of Prevorst neither eat nor drink by sunlight. But all these examples have no bearing on the case of Therese Neumann, for we can find no precedent for her four-year fast. Therefore I am flabbergasted when I know that a human being, using up as she does at least three or four thousand calories in a single Friday's ecstasy, loses no weight from her hundred and ten pounds although she eats nothing. I prefer to believe that this is akin to somnambulism, and that Therese Neumann is more asleep than awake.

To prove this proposition we should have to subject her to close observation in a university clinic; but believers in Therese Neumann object to this, saying that she must not be robbed of her

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personal freedom and must be allowed to do as she likes. I agree; but when I hear of a seven-month fast — a wonder in itself — I only become more puzzled, and more skeptical. In all my reading, and in all my knowledge of the mystics of four religions, I have run across no case of such a long fast. Not from a medical point of view, but from the standpoint of religious psychology, it seems to me that the isolated symptom of not being able to eat is undoubtedly hysteria, and not a combined mystical symptom of the stigmata with visions.

The miraculous cures are much less marvelous. The healing of paralysis, blindness, and appendicitis — interesting feats in themselves — perhaps amount to little more than strong hysteria cropping out in some other place. If we accept the life of Therese Neumann, who lay abed for many years and finally arose and walked, why cannot people who have broken their legs get up and walk after lying in bed for no longer than a week? Hysterical paralysis made the healing rapid.

The strong light, said to have been brighter than daylight or an electric arc, that sprang out of the heavens when she was healed may perhaps be explained as an hallucination. This is difficult to prove from the evidence at hand, but every time a mystical vision has appeared many other holy Catholics have received the same vision through memory autosuggestion. Just the same, it is nothing more than an hallucination.

When the wounds healed the scars remained. But we have already seen in the first case how the power of the mind was strong enough to make wounds on the body. Hysteria is the grand lord over the body, like the cabala or Hindu asceticism, and it occasionally grows strong enough to build cells.

Therese Neumann's vision has been given greater importance than all these other problems. Hallucination can be accomplished by the mind, and can be made as real as life. The explanation of the whole case is simply that enormous will power has produced most of the phenomena. The theologian says: 'Thanks to her firm faith, her meekness in illness, and her grace from God, Therese Neumann used this power of the will as only one person in a hundred million would. Her very sickness became a manifestation of heavenly grace, and her history is a miracle.' So be it. Perhaps it is only another way of saying the same thing.

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A VISIT TO FERDINAND OF BULGARIA[1]

BY G. DE VILLEMUS

THE automobile has just passed through the park gate and stopped on a hillside in front of a villa with red shutters and a tile roof surrounded with big trees. The house overlooks Coburg, which is laid out before it. In the rear is a verandah and an entrance porch. We ring the bell, and the electric buzzer resounds for a moment before silence again falls. Several minutes pass. How quiet it is! As still as a hermitage. We ring a second time, and hear a noise of doors being closed inside. Presently a bolt is shot, the door is opened, and a little peasant girl shows her astonished face.

'Would you be so good as to give my card to His Majesty's ordnance officer?'

'Just a minute,' replies the young girl, turning around and walking away.

Two minutes later she comes back accompanied by an older woman wearing a blue apron, to whom we repeat our demand.

'The Court Marshal is absent, as well as His Majesty. But wait a minute.'

Soon a third person appears — this time a man, dressed in white, who must be the cook.

'The Court Marshal and His Majesty,' he says, 'have gone on a little trip. They will return this evening about six o'clock.'

'I shall be glad to transmit your wishes to His Majesty the King,' said the Court Marshal, Mr. Weich, after he had been summoned. We found this person an extremely able man, but he told us that we had a slim chance of being received. Since 1918 His Majesty has never accorded an audience to any journalist, and has always refused to make a declaration of any kind.

The Court Marshal must have been a good lawyer, because the next morning at eleven he accompanied us to the royal villa. Even before entering the gate, we perceived seated before the house the figure of a heavy elderly man with a white pointed beard and black-rimmed spectacles. It was Ferdinand of Bulgaria, whose recent years must have been doubly wearing. Some yards away from him we saluted. The former monarch rose painfully from his armchair and took off his Bavarian felt hat with its feathers and gold buttons. He was dressed in a gray suit, and wore black silk gloves. Stretching out his hand to me, he said in French: 'Monsieur, I am happy to see you. It is very good of you to come and pay a visit to such a solitary person as myself.'

King Ferdinand sat down again in his armchair, and begged me to pull up a chair beside him.

'Are you already familiar with Coburg?'

'No, Your Majesty; but I see that you have chosen a really enchanting spot for your retreat.'

'I should n't quite say that. The town is lovely; but the climate is terrible. Thuringia is very damp, and in winter the cold gets down below zero.'

With a melancholy smile the monarch added: 'I give myself up to my favorite passion: I cultivate flowers and

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *August* 20

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exotic plants, though nothing grows in this ungrateful soil.'

'But I should n't judge that, Your Majesty, from this abundance of rare flowers that surrounds you.'

'Yes, of course; I suppose I should not be ungrateful, for I do enjoy a few modest pleasures. This *Lilium chalcedonicum*, several of whose red blossoms you see, is known as the Jordan lily, and this year is the first time that it has flourished for me. Look behind you — there's my favorite plant, the *Ramondia pyrenaica*. What memories that evokes — a whole history, in fact! Just think of it! I first dug up that plant there in 1894, at Mont Perdu in the Pyrenees, when I was thirteen years old. I carried it to Vienna in 1897. It followed me to Sofia, and before leaving my country in 1918 I dug it up again so that it could be my companion in exile.

'Ah, those Pyrenees! Not long ago I was at Cauterets with my brother. We made a little trip to Cape Cerbère as far as Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and I feel that by now I should be an excellent guide. I also liked the little town of Pau, the cradle of my ancestor, Henry IV.'

'May I be so bold, Sire, as to ask you to touch upon one or two of your favorite memories?'

'I also remember the time when my mother, Princess Clementine, the daughter of Louis Philippe, took me to Brittany. We went together to the flower market at Nantes. I have always been passionately devoted to botany. Between Brest and Vannes we went hunting for a certain kind of fern that can only be found in that part of the world. What pleasant memories I also have of my visits to Chantilly with my uncles and cousins! We were young and gay then.'

At this moment a magnificent butterfly, brilliantly colored, danced past us through the sunlight and distracted the attention of the King, who said to me, pointing to it with his finger: —

'That butterfly you see was born right here, for I raise both birds and caterpillars. That particular kind never existed here until I planted some wild carrots around the house and established several female caterpillars among them. This is the result. But I also want to show you my aviary.'

I helped His Majesty get to his feet, and we slowly walked to the house. The King led me into a modestly furnished dining-room, one of whose walls opened on an enormous aviary. Several hundred birds were flying about, hopping on the branches and twittering. The equipment was ultramodern, and a perfect system of ventilation had been arranged. Four other aviaries contained in all more than two thousand birds. The King, who is an ornithologist of world-wide reputation, supervises the care of these creatures himself, and also needs three other specialists to help him. He studies the birds' habits, and notes down all his observations, which he later communicates to his scientific colleagues.

Walking slowly and leaning heavily on his cane, the King led me back to the garden again. 'Over there you see my white pigeons. I will show them to you at closer range.'

The King whistled twice, and immediately a hundred lovely white birds lit fluttering at our feet. His Majesty regained his armchair, and said: 'Tell me how the French came to Berlin. Were there a good many of you? It would n't be strange if there were.'

In a few words I gave the King several details that made him laugh. Then I recalled a number of my travels, especially my recent visit to Austria.

'Do you know,' he said, 'the burning of the Palace of Justice in Vienna reminds me of the burnings in

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Paris in 1871, when the crowd tried to destroy all the judicial offices.'

It was my intention not to talk politics, but His Majesty recalled the last war and the question of war guilt. 'I believe,' he said, 'that no nation really wanted war. The cataclysm was provoked by certain groups who were eager to bring about a conflict of the nations and directed the assassination at Serajevo.'

'Excuse me, Your Majesty, but I do not understand you very well. What are you alluding to?'

'At the moment I cannot tell you more. I was too closely involved in all these affairs not to be well informed about them.'

Looking me in the eye and taking off his spectacles a minute, the King said: 'Some day French public opinion will understand how unjust it has been to me. But let us talk of other matters. I am delighted to see that the situation in France is improving. This financial revival is something prodigious. They tell me that your industries have developed enormously, and that French automobiles have a unique reputation.'

The King's freshness of spirit is admirable, and he leaps from one subject to another. As he talks his face lights up and seems completely rejuvenated.

'In this part of the world,' he went on, 'the German people have not yet understood that the automobile is not a luxury but an instrument of work. I spend my time disputing with the local police, who are always lodging complaints against my chauffeur.'

'What!' I exclaimed. 'Does the German law attack a person like you? Are you a prisoner?'

'No, merely a civilian.' He laughed and added: '*Ein geduldeter Personnage*' (A tolerated personage).

'But tell me, is Paris as seductive as ever? Do you still eat as well as you used to there? I remember one day at Suez, where I had gone to visit my friend Ferdinand de Lesseps. He was leaving the Hôtel de Lyon, escorted by a Frenchman. It was late. The hotel keeper said to me: "Monsieur, the table d'hôte service is ended; we cannot serve you any more." I replied: "So that's the way it is — you have a full stomach, and I have eaten nothing since last evening." "Monsieur, I have nothing but *bouillabaisse* left." But I assured him that bouillabaisse would save my life; and never have I had any so good — and I have lived for years near Marseille. I can tell you, that fellow made me a lobster bouillabaisse that I remember to this day.'

The King seemed to take infinite pleasure in telling me this story with veritable Provençal spirit.

'I observe with pleasure,' I remarked, 'that Your Majesty still cherishes pleasant memories of France. Is it indiscreet to ask him if he intends to write his memoirs?'

'To be sure. I am working hard on them, and am writing them in French. Through my mother and brothers I have been involved in a far-off and interesting epoch of history. During the last sixty years I have seen a lot. Thank God, my memory has always been good, and remains faithful still.'

In spite of my protests, the King insisted on accompanying me to the gate of his park. 'You are going to write an article about our conversation, and you will be making a mistake. Why rouse me from oblivion? Why bring a dead man to life and recall the fact that Ferdinand with the big nose still lives? Just look, I am surrounded with flowers. These brilliantly colored sweet peas I planted myself. And last of all, may I thank you for having paid me a visit. It does me good to talk French with you on subjects dear to my heart.'

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LETTERS FROM MESOPOTAMIA [1]

BY GERTRUDE BELL

[SHORTLY before the English publication of the second volume of Miss Bell's letters, the London *Times* printed the following extracts, which the editor pieced together with a condensed narrative of his own.]

BY good fortune Miss Bell 'was one of those people,' as the editor of her letters says, 'whose lives can be reconstructed from their correspondence.' With a few gaps, her letters, written to her family and other close friends, cover her entire life, from her childhood in the North of England to her fatal illness in Bagdad in July 1926. The editor need not apologize if here and there trivialities are recorded, for even the trivialities are typical of the writer who had an unlimited zest for life. 'Scholar, poet, historian, archæologist, art critic, mountaineer, explorer, gardener, naturalist, distinguished servant of the State — Gertrude,' says the editor, 'was all of these, and was recognized by experts as an expert in them all.'

So rich are the materials of her letters that this article must be confined to Miss Bell's war and after-war experiences, with a reminder, however, that the war broke out only some three months after she had come home from what was her most important piece of exploration — namely, the visit to Hail, a city into which no European woman had penetrated alone. There she acquired political information that proved of great value during the war.

Her earliest war service was in Boulogne and London; but in November 1914 she was summoned to Cairo, as it was felt, in view of the revolt in the desert, that her knowledge of the tribes of Northern Arabia would be invaluable. Arrived there, she found it 'great fun' to be helping Dr. D. G. Hogarth 'to fill the intelligence files with information as to the tribes and sheiks'; and she was soon 'getting to feel quite at home as a staff officer' when she was sent off at a moment's notice — 'I really do the oddest things' — to India with the view of establishing touch between Cairo and Delhi in a permanent intelligence bureau for the Near East. 'I think,' she says, writing from the Viceregal Lodge in February 1916, 'I have pulled things straight a little as between Delhi and Cairo.' Again: 'It is essential that India and Egypt should keep in the closest touch, since they are dealing with two sides of the same problem.'

The upshot of the Indian visit, which was to have been for only a fortnight or so, was that at Lord Hardinge's desire she was sent on to Basra to 'lend a hand with the Intelligence Department there.' How long she was 'going to stay in any place' she did not know; but the 'classification of tribal material' was 'extraordinarily interesting,' and everyone was 'amazingly kind.' She lunched 'with all the generals,' and they gave her a 'splendid great verandah with a cool room behind it in which to work.'

[1] From the *Times* (London Conservative daily), *August* 23 and 24

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This was in March 1916. 'And I'm glad I have got to know Sir Percy Cox. He is a very remarkable person, not the least remarkable thing about him being his entire absence of any thought about himself. He does his job — a gigantic job — and thinks no more about it.' In April 'Mr. Lawrence' appears, 'sent as liaison officer out of Egypt'; and by this time the anxiety about Kut is acute.

I don't hold a brief for the Government of India, but it is only fair to remember that K. drained India white of troops and of all military requirements, including hospitals and doctors, at the beginning of the war, and that when it developed into a very serious matter — far too big a matter for India to handle if she had had command of all her resources — neither troops, nor artillery, nor hospital units, nor flying corps, nor anything, were sent back in time to be of use. . . . Politically, too, we rushed with the business, with our usual disregard for a comprehensive political scheme. We treated Mesop. as if it were an isolated unit, instead of which it is part of Arabia, its politics indissolubly connected with the great and far-reaching Arab question. . . . The coördinating of Arabian politics and the creation of an Arabian policy should have been done at home — it could only have been done at home. There was no one to do it, no one who had ever thought of it, and it was left to our people in Egypt to thrash out, in the face of strenuous opposition from India and London, some sort of wise scheme which will, I am persuaded, ultimately form the basis of our relations with the Arabs.

In July she enters on a new appointment as Official Correspondent to Cairo; she is now part of I. E. F. 'D'; but 'fortunately I need not wear uniform,' for the weather is 'confoundedly hot,' and 'your staff vanishes like snow before the sun — clerks, typists, servants, they go down before you can wink, and you are left to do the things for yourself.' The writer has fever and jaundice, — 'I have never been so ill as this before,' — but she has read in hospital 'all Gilbert Murray's translations of Greek plays — glorious they are!' Nor is the winter, when December comes, 'really very nice here. One is usually sneezing when not coughing, and one wishes one had a nice warm comfortable place to sit in. To think that I was once clean and tidy!' She has, however, just finished 'a long memorandum about the whole of our Central Arabian relations' . . . 'it will now go to all the high and mighty in every part.' In January a 'tiny suite of two rooms' is allotted to her in the Political Office, and with two servants of her own she will be 'self-contained.' The I. G. C. is 'angelic'; 'we are truly doing something behind the battlefields,' and despite 'occasional depressions' she likes her work; lots of it is the 'only thing that keeps one going.' Next month, after five days of rain, Basra is a swamp; presently she will want a 'nice wig' — 'one's hair just evaporates'; but she is 'luxuriously comfortable in her mud rooms.'

In March she hears of the entrance into Bagdad, and longs to go there. She has her wish in April — 'such an arrival!' Sir Percy Cox tells her that a house has been allotted to her. It turns out to be a 'tiny stifling box of a place in a dirty little bazaar, and absolutely empty,' but she decides next day on better quarters. 'Bagdad is a mass of roses and congratulations. They are genuinely delighted at being free of the Turks.' She has 'amusing reunions with gentlemen' she met at 'Hail and Najaf, and heaven knows where besides. It is immense fun.'

My duties are of the most diverse kinds. We are very short-handed. I take on everything I can to spare Sir Percy — interview representatives of innumerable creeds, keep an open door for tribal sheiks

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and messengers from the desert, whose business I discover and send up in brief to Sir Percy; and behind all this there's my real job, the gathering and sorting of information. Already the new tribal maps and tribe lists are getting into shape, and the first big batch of confidential notes on Bagdad personalities will be issued to the Political Officers to-morrow — that's not bad going. Presently all the new surveys will begin to come in, and I shall have the revision and correction of the place names — a thing I like doing, because in the first place it's so nice to get them right, and in the second it teaches me so much geography. The head man is an enthusiast and gives me a free hand. And then I'm going to be Curator of Antiquities, or at least I'm going to show the Revenue Commissioner all the old buildings and scraps of buildings that are left here, and he has promised to keep guard over them. It's a thousand times more interesting than Basra, you understand.

Indeed, she 'loves Bagdad,' and 'the people are so outgoing — partly propitiatory no doubt, but they are glad to have us.' She could not possibly come away at this moment. 'It's an immense opportunity just at this time when the atmosphere is so emotional; one catches hold of people as one will never do again, and establishes relations which won't dissolve.' Sitting and sipping coffee with a celebrated old warrior, a Circassian, whom she knew in the old days, and a great man of letters, native of Bagdad, who writes leaders which she sends to the English newspapers, she feels that she is 'growing into it terrifically fast — taking root.'

She is now currently described as a Kokusah, or female Kokus (Sir Percy Cox), which word 'is rapidly passing into the Arabic language, not as a name, but as a title.' Again, the summer heat is most trying: —

I don't know whether it is a scientific truth, but it's undoubtedly in accordance with facts — full-moon nights are by far the hottest and the stillest. Two nights ago I was completely defeated. I tried to work sitting outside in my garden after dinner, but after half an hour the few clothes I was wearing were wringing wet, and I so much exhausted by a day similarly spent that I went to bed helplessly and fell asleep at once on my roof. I had n't been asleep long when I woke up to find the Great Bear staring me in the face. I lie looking North. It was very strange to see the Great Bear shining so brilliantly in the full moon of Ramadan, and I wondered half asleep what had happened. I realized that the whole world was dark, and turning round saw the last limb of the moon disappearing in a total eclipse. So I lay watching it, a wonderful sight, the disc just visible, a dull and angry copper color. In the bazaar a few hundred yards away everyone was drumming with sticks on anything that lay handy, to scare away the devil which cut the moon, and indeed they ultimately succeeded, for after a long, long time the upper limb of the moon reappeared and the devil drew slowly downwards, angry still, with deep red tongues, and wreaths projecting from his copper-colored body, and before I had time to sleep again the Ramadan moon had once more extinguished the shining of the Bear. But as for people who read of these things in their almanacs and know to a minute when to expect them, I think nothing of them and their educated sensation.

In October 1917, after a bad bout of sand-fly fever, comes the news that she is a C. B. E. — 'it's rather absurd.' In November she is 'beginning some nice new jobs.' One is the taking over of the editorship of *Al Arab*, 'the vernacular paper we publish.' She is full of schemes for making it more alive. The subeditor is an Arab, but 'straight out of Chaucer, all the same'; he 'speaks and writes French like a Frenchman.' Almost next day is the death of the Commander-in-Chief, Maude, of cholera. He had been at the entertainment at the Jewish school, 'but we were all

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there, drank coffee and ate cakes, and no one else was any the worse.' She applies 'a splendid sentence' from Ammianus Marcellinus about the Emperor Julian, 'that he should die in the midst of glory fairly earned.' 'General Maude was, I should think, a greater commander, but the epitaph might be his.'

Meanwhile, there are indications that Miss Bell was feeling the climate and the effects of hard work. At Christmas she speaks of 'a temporary (let's hope) anæmia of the brain,' but 'though half-witted, I'm physically well'; and next year, 1918, it is a relief to hear of occasional excursions from Bagdad; but of homecoming, 'No, I am not coming back yet. . . . It will be so difficult to pick up life in England; I dread it.' In July, however, she was able to take a holiday in Persia. 'It's worth while to sit two and a half years in an office in Mesop. in order to do this at the end with such enjoyment.' On her return, after two months, she was 'extremely fit.' She had 'rather lost her heart to Kurdistan, country and people.' But it was 'hard work — unspeakably bad tracks, and very hot in the middle of the day.' By November, after the war was over, she was writing: —

I am having by far the most interesting time of my life, and, thank Heaven, I am now well and can grapple with it adequately. The Franco-British Declaration has thrown the whole town into a ferment. It doesn't happen often that people are told that their future as a state is in their hands, and asked what they would like. They are all talking, and mercifully they all come in to me with the greatest eagerness to discuss what they think. On two points they are practically all agreed: they want us to control their affairs, and they want Sir Percy as High Commissioner. Beyond that all is divergence. Most of the town people want an Arab amir, but they can't fix upon the individual. My belief is (but I don't yet know) that the tribal people in the rural districts will not want any amir so long as they can have Sir Percy, — he has an immense name among them, — and personally I think that would be best. It's an immense business setting up a court and a power. The whole situation requires very delicate handling. We can't be too wary at this moment when the public mind is so fluid that anything serves to divert it in one direction or another. I always speak quite frankly, and they believe me, I think. They know I have their interests more deeply at heart than anything else, and they trust me in the same sort of way that they trust Sir Percy. I'm so thankful to be here at this time.

She was soon, however, to leave the country in order to go to the Peace Conference in Paris. Before her departure she records a notable lecture by Professor Margoliouth: 'He lectured for fifty minutes by the clock on the ancient splendors of Bagdad in classical Arabic and without a note. It is the talk of the town.' She also flew 'with a young man — literally, not figuratively': —

We flew for about three quarters of an hour up and over the Tigris. For the first quarter of an hour I thought it the most alarming thing I had ever done, and eagerly wished that that good young man would return to the ground. It was a windy day; the airplane wabbled a good deal. However, I presently became accustomed to it, and was much interested and excited. I shall go up whenever I have an opportunity, so as to grow quite used to it.

She was not long in Paris or in Europe, for by November she was back again in Bagdad, where 'brides come out in swarms to be married.' As the year wore on she became increasingly anxious about the future of the country and the policy which was to be applied to it. The military position gave cause for apprehensions. 'It is touch and go' in August; 'another episode like that of the Man-

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chesters would bring the Tigris tribes out immediately below Bagdad. We are living from hand to mouth.' She is 'overcome — as I not unfrequently am — with the sense of being as much an Asiatic as a European.' 'As the pro-Arab member of the Administration,' she hopes that Sir Percy Cox, who has not yet returned as High Commissioner, will 'give a very wide responsibility to natives of this country.' On October 12, 1920, she writes: 'A word to say that Sir Percy arrived yesterday, thank Heaven . . . the office is rather in a turmoil. . . . I am taking on a sort of temporary Oriental secretary job till people find their feet.' As she saw the Commander-in-Chief greet Sir Percy Cox she thought that 'there had never been an arrival more momentous — never anyone on whom more conflicting emotions were centred, hopes and doubts and fears, but above all confidence in his personal integrity and wisdom. . . . While I made my curtsy, it was all I could do not to cry.' From the first moment, however, she saw that all was well; Sir Percy Cox told her that he intended to set up an Arab Ministry at once as a temporary expedient. 'It is quite impossible to tell you the relief and comfort it is to serve under somebody in whose judgment one has complete confidence.'

Meanwhile, the reception ceremony had rather miscarried; the notables complained that when they had tried to get near His Excellency they were pushed away; hence it fell to Miss Bell to organize another reception next day, which was a 'huge success.' The notables came in in relays; Sir Percy Cox explained his programme, and 'everyone went away delighted.' A provisional Arab Cabinet having been resolved upon, it was 'like a dream' to her 'to find all things one has thought ought to be done being done without question.' She felt sure that when it came to dealing with the tribal insurgents on the Euphrates 'all the silly ideas of revenge and punishment' would be dropped; and she was delighted when the Naqib agreed to undertake to form the provisional government. At a dinner to meet Jafar Pasha 'I said complete independence was what we wished to give. "My lady," he answered, — we were speaking Arabic, — "complete independence is never given; it is always taken" — a profound saying.' 'Oh, if we can pull this thing off!' she adds; 'rope together the young hot-heads and the Shiah obscurantists and enthusiasts like Jafar, polished old statesmen like Sasun, and scholars like Sukri — if we can make them work together and find their own salvation for themselves, what a fine thing it would be. I see visions and dream dreams. I omitted to mention that the Council of State of the first Arab Government in Mesopotamia since the Abbassids meets to-morrow.'

Miss Bell cannot have been happier than when she was thus in the thick of government- and nation-making. In January 1921 she hears from home that 'there's a fandango about my report. The general line taken by the press seems to be that it's most remarkable that a dog should be able to stand up on its hind legs at all — that is, a female write a White Paper. I hope they'll drop that source of wonder and pay attention to the report itself, if it will help them to understand what Mesopotamia is like.' She chafed at delay over the amnesty and over the plans for a general election. In May she observes: —

> Not many people of the upper classes are fasting this year. Even the Naqib, for the first time in his life, is not keeping the fast — for reasons of health. . . . I wonder how long the fast will hold Islam — like the veiling of women it might disappear, as a

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universal custom, pretty fast. The women who have come back from Syria or Constantinople find the Bagdad social observances very trying. They have been accustomed to much greater freedom. As soon as we get our local institutions firmly established they will be bolder. They and their husbands are afraid that any steps taken now would set all the prejudiced old tongues wagging and jeopardize the future. Nevertheless, these new men bring their wives to see me, which is an unexpected departure from Bagdad customs, according to which a man would never go about with his wife.

Nevertheless, all went as she desired it to go. The amnesty came out, 'Heaven be praised'; and it became 'frightfully interesting' when Feisal arrived at the end of June in the beflagged city. At the railway station he 'saw me and stepped across to shake hands with me. He looked excited and anxious, — you're not a king on approbation without any tension of the spirit, — but it only gave his natural dignity a more human charm.' At the banquet that evening 'Feisal carried on a little conversation in French with Sir Aylmer, but mostly he and I and Sir Percy, and Abdul Majid and I talked across the table. Feisal looked very happy, and I felt very happy, and so did Sir Percy.' All, however, was not smooth yet; there were reports of petitions for a republic; but 'somehow or other Feisal must be proclaimed King.' 'What helps everything is that Feisal's personality goes three quarters of the way'; but at the Naqib's dinner to him, a splendid affair, 'the tension of spirit which one felt all around one' made her write, 'I'll never engage in creating kings again; it's too great a strain.' In the heat of that July, 'day after day' was 'over 121, and the nights hot too'; but Feisal's antechamber is 'a sight to gladden one — full of Bagdad nobles and sheiks from all parts of Irak.' Among those who acclaim him are the Jews, whose rabbi is a figure 'stepped straight out of a picture by Gentile Bellini.'

Then came the great display on the edge of the desert, where Feisal received the tribesmen in a huge tent, and there was a general swearing of allegiance.

The people at the end of the tent were too far off to hear; he called them all up, and they sat on the ground below the dais, rows and rows of them, four hundred or five hundred men. He spoke in the great tongue of the desert, sonorous, magnificent — no language like it. He spoke as a tribal chief to his feudatories. 'For four years,' he said, 'I have not found myself in a place like this or in such company' — you could see how he was loving it. Then he told them how Irak was to rise to their endeavors with himself at their head. 'O Arabs, are you at peace with one another?' They shouted, 'Yes, yes, we are at peace.' 'From this day — what is the date, and what is the hour?' Someone answered him. 'From this day, the twenty-fifth of July' (only he gave the Mohammedan date) 'and the hour of the morning four' (it was eleven o'clock) 'any tribesman who lifts his hand against a tribesman is responsible to me — I will judge between you, calling your sheiks in council. I have my rights over you — am your lord.' A gray-bearded man interrupted, 'And *our* rights?' 'And you have your rights as subjects, which it is my business to guard.' So it went on, the tribesmen interrupting him with shouts, 'Yes, yes,' 'We agree,' 'Yes, by God.' It was the descriptions of great tribal gatherings in the days of ignorance, before the Prophet, when the poets recited verse which has come down to this day and the people shouted at the end of each phrase, 'The truth — by God, the truth!'

When it was over Fahad and Ali Sulaiman stood up on either side of him and said, 'We swear allegiance to you because you are acceptable to the British Government.' Feisal was a little surprised. He looked quickly round to me, smiling, and then he said, 'No one can doubt what my relations

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are to the British, but we must settle our affairs ourselves.' He looked at me again, and I held out my two hands clasped together as a symbol of the union of the Arab and British Governments.

At last, the referendum taken, 'we've got our King crowned.' At the enthronement

Feisal looked very dignified, but much strung up — it was an agitating moment. He looked along the front row and caught my eye, and I gave him a tiny salute. Then Saiyad Husain stood up and read Sir Percy's proclamation in which he announced that Feisal had been elected King by ninety-six per cent of the people of Mesopotamia, long live the King! With that we stood up and saluted him. The national flag was borne on the flagstaff by his side, and the band played 'God Save the King' — they have no national anthem yet. There followed a salute of twenty-one guns. . . . It was an amazing thing to see all Irak, from North to South, gathered together. It is the first time it has happened in history.

'There's no doubt,' adds Miss Bell, 'that this is the most absorbing job that I've ever taken a hand in.' With the King Miss Bell was henceforth on excellent terms, and there are many references to her meetings with him, both in official and in social life. Writing in January 1922, she says, 'It's shocking how the East has wound itself round my heart till I don't know which is me and which is it. I never lose the sense of it. I'm acutely conscious always of its charm and grace, which do not seem to wear thin with familiarity. I'm more of a citizen of Bagdad than many a Bagdad-born, and I'll wager that no Bagdadi cares more, or half so much, for the beauty of the river or the palm gardens or clings more closely to the rights of citizenship which I have acquired.' Six months later she writes: 'I feel as if I and all of us were playing the most magical tunes on their heartstrings, drawn taut by the desperate case in which they find themselves. Can they succeed in setting up a reasonable government? Their one cry is "Help us." And one sits there, in their eyes an epitome of human knowledge and feeling oneself so very far from filling the bill. Poor children of Adam, they and we. I'm not sure (but perhaps that's because of my sex) that the emotional link between us is n't the better part of wisdom, but I wish I had a little more real wisdom to offer.' Again: 'When, if ever, we come up to eternal judgment, you may be very sure that we shall be ultimately graded according to the very highest point we have been able to reach. Feisal on that day will come out very high.'

Toward the end of 1922 archæology, always one of Miss Bell's interests, became officially one of her duties, as she was appointed Honorary Director of it under the Ministry of Public Works. Her later letters, therefore, contain many references to excavations and visits which she paid to ancient sites. Though her appointment as Oriental Secretary was for the term of Sir Percy Cox's High Commissioner-ship, she continued to serve under his successor, Sir Henry Dobbs; and it must be a constant wonder to the reader how she managed to keep at work without more leave than she took. References, however, to illnesses and to the trying nature of the climate grow more frequent as the months pass. She describes her daily life in summer thus: —

I get up at 5.30, do exercises till 5.45, and walk in the garden till 6 or a little after, cutting flowers. All that grows now is a beautiful double jasmin, of which I have bowls full every day, and zinnias, ugly and useful. I breakfast at 6.40 on an egg and some fruit, interview my old cook Haji Ali at 6.45, when I order any meal I want and

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pay the daily books. Leave for the office by car at 6.55, get there at 7. I'm there till 1.30, when I lunch with the High Commissioner.

The first thing I do in the office is to look through the three vernacular papers and translate anything that ought to be brought to the notice of the authorities. These translations are typed and circulated to the H. C., the Advisers in the Arab offices, and finally as an appendix often fortnightly reports to the Secretary of State. By the time I've done that, papers are beginning to come in, intelligence reports from all the Near East and India, local reports, petitions, etc. The petitions I generally dispose of myself; the local reports I note on, suggesting if necessary memoranda to the Ministries of Interior or Finance (mostly Interior, which is the Ministry I'm most concerned with), or dispatches and letters. Sometimes I write a draft at once; sometimes I propose the general outlines and wait for approval or correction. In and out of all this, people come in to see me — sheiks, and Arab officials, or just people who want to give some bit of information or ask for advice. If there's anything important in what they have to say I inform the H. C. At intervals in the daily routine, I'm now busy writing the Annual Report for the League of Nations. I usually get a clear hour or two before lunch.

I get home about 2.30, and do nothing till 5. I don't often sleep, but I lie on a big sofa under a fan and read novels or papers. All the windows are shut and the room is comparatively cool. After 5 I go out swimming, or I take a little walk, or people come to see me. I very seldom ride in the summer; it's too hot in the evening, and I have n't time before going to office. I dine about 7.30 on some iced soup or a bit of fish or some fruit, and sometimes, if I'm feeling unusually energetic, I do an hour's work or I write letters. Generally I read again till about 10, and then go to bed on the roof — and that's the hot-weather life.

At length, in July 1925, she came home, and medical advice was against her returning to the Bagdad climate; but, nevertheless, she was back in the East in the autumn, and the arrangement of the Bagdad Museum occupied much of her time. It formed the subject of her last letter, dated July 7, 1926, or a week before she died peacefully in her sleep. She had been very ill in the winter with pleurisy; and the illness and loss of a much-beloved brother had caused her keen anxiety and grief. While her own letters are in many ways her best literary memorial to her character, interests, and accomplishments, it may not be unsuitable to quote here Sir Henry Dobbs's report about her to the Colonial Office: —

It is difficult to write of Miss Bell's services to both the British and Irak Governments without seeming to exaggerate. Her remarkable knowledge of this country and its people and her sympathy with them enable her to penetrate into their minds, while her inextinguishable faith prevents her from being discouraged by what she sometimes finds there. Her long acquaintance with the tribes and sheiks makes her advice in the recurring crises in tribal affairs invaluable, and her vitality and width of culture make her house a focus of all that is best worth having in both European and Arab society in Bagdad. She is, in fact, a connecting link between the British and Arab races, without which there would be dislocation both of public business and of private amenities.

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MY ESCAPE FROM ITALY[1]

BY FILIPPO TURATI

To-morrow the court at Savona will begin to try the case about my escape from Italy on the eleventh of last December. This escape, which took place a few days before the flight of Nenni, Schiavetti, and Treves, and which followed the departure of Cianca, Giannini, Bocconi, Labriola, and other well-known deputies, journalists, and politicians, caused the Fascist régime to exceed all ordinary bounds. My escape was a violation of the absurd and outrageous law that imposes a prison term for as much as six years, and even plans to extend that to as much as forty-eight years, and levies unlimited fines that may include complete confiscation of property, upon anyone who leaves the country without a passport — that is, anyone who is not a Fascist; for it is common knowledge that anyone suspected of anti-Fascism in Italy experiences great difficulty in getting a passport at all. And on top of all this the death penalty may be inflicted upon anyone who tries to cross the boundaries of the country secretly. A man like myself, sixty years old, and sick into the bargain, who, in spite of the threats of such a régime, leaves his native land knows better than anyone else how impossible life is in Italy to a person who refuses to support the dictator. As a matter of fact, after I had left, everyone who formerly visited me, not only my friends, but even my doctor, was arrested — in brief, any person who could be suspected of having been in any kind of intercourse with me. Most of these had to be set free later, but some were held as suspects and either thrown into prison or deported to various islands.

Eleven such persons were accused — I myself; the lawyer Pertini of Savona, who fled with me; Professor Ferruccio Parri, former editor of *Corriere della Sera;* Professor Roselli, of the University of Genoa, who accompanied me; Ettore Albini, former dramatic critic on *Avanti;* and six other companions. Through the good offices of Léon Blum, I sent a written communication to the court of Savona, not with the idea of pleading in my own behalf, but in order to give evidence concerning the alleged misdeeds of my friends. I still feel that, although the Italian prosecution laid this communication before the court, the presiding officer will have it suppressed when the time comes. Everyone knows that since the Fascist régime has been set up in Italy Italian judges must beg their bread if their conduct 'goes against the policies of the Government.'

I must therefore turn to the newspapers of free countries, begging them to print my side of the case. I have no illusions that I shall be able to help my fellow defendants or get them off in this way. I only do it to shield these friends of mine from the moral disapproval of free and independent citizens when the trial goes against them.

During the months of October and November last year I was desperately ill. On the advice of my physicians,

[1] From *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Conservative-Socialist daily), *August* 18

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Doctors Pini and Gilardoni, I applied to the prefect of Milan for a passport to go abroad, since at every native sanatorium I had visited the Fascisti had made it impossible for me to find the relaxation I urgently needed. I brought all the necessary medical testimony forward. The prefect promised to deliver my application to Rome, and told me that an answer would be forthcoming presently. The only answer I received — and it was quick and explicit enough — was that within a few days each of the two entrances to my dwelling was guarded by two policemen, so that I might as well have been living in a prison. These police were given instructions not only to watch me in the house but to follow me wherever I went, and even to sit in my carriage with me when I traveled. All this meant that I was absolutely isolated from everyone, for no one dared to visit me any more, and I could not ask a single friend to come and see me for fear of making the police suspicious of the house and of the other families who lived in it.

I vainly protested to the prefect against these suffocating, illegal excesses against a citizen's ordinary rights. I even begged the authorities to put me in jail if they had a specific complaint against me, for it would be less insulting to my human dignity, and less hypocritical.

Thus life was made impossible. The conditions under which I lived were more intolerable than those to which a criminal under police observation is subjected. Moreover, I lived in the constant fear of a real or pretended attack upon my dwelling. It even went so far that after the last attempt on Mussolini's life the Chief of Police of Milan forced me — under protest — to leave my dwelling by night and to flee under police protection in a police automobile. He had been assured by his commissioner that if I did not do this he could not protect me against the attacks of the Fascisti.

In order to find some peace, I finally decided to quit my house and to escape unknown to the protection of some friends of mine in Milan. This I did one November evening. I departed from my home simply by going out by the servants' entrance, which led to the yard of a neighboring house, through which I passed under cover of darkness, while the police who were supposed to guard even this unfrequented passage were clapping each other on the back. For several days the police continued to watch over the house, unaware that their bird had flown. Not until two weeks later did I think of leaving my country without a passport, and it is therefore absurd to credit me with having worked out in advance a plan that had never occurred to me until the last minute. Finally, my old friend Ettore Albini took me to visit him in the country for a few restful days, for on account of our old friendship he could not refuse me shelter in such a secluded retreat. I stayed there quietly, since I was convinced that I was being looked for unceasingly. At last, however, not wanting to make my host and his wife suffer any unpleasant consequences that might be involved in thus sheltering me, I left the house. On the very next day the prefect of Milan himself, accompanied by the Central Police Inspector, who had been sent on from Rome for the purpose, and several other officers, entered the house that I had just left. It was clear that they were not coming to bring me my passport or to give me encouraging news. I also heard of friends of mine being arrested or picked for exile.

During the week of the third to the tenth of December I felt myself so hunted and oppressed that I saw it would be impossible for me to get any rest while enjoying my friends' hospital-

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ity, because the most unpleasant results might follow. It was then that I first felt the absolute moral necessity of devising some means of flight.

It was not that I wanted to leave my home. I had literally been hounded out of the country by a succession of dishonorable and illegal outrages. My real companions in crime — or, I should say, the real instigators of my flight — were the authorities themselves. In fact, these people incited me even more than they did those of my friends who had already left home, to say nothing of other friends who could not get away but who came to me often and gave me advice and encouragement and promises of loyal support. First of all, the police had been stationed around my house under the pretext of protecting me from attacks by the Fascisti. They made me, against my will, a prisoner in my own home, a victim of daily torments that even the most primitive state should never inflict on the least of its citizens. After this I decided that I had to leave Milan, but I discovered that I was being shadowed even more closely, and that wherever I went my host was subjected to unendurable inconveniences. Therefore my decision to leave the country was arrived at only as a last resort.

My departure, as I have already said, took place on the night of the eleventh of December, in the vicinity of Savona. On a stormy sea and in a raging wind that filled our frail motor boat with water, under a starless sky, with a wildly whirling compass to guide us, ignorant of our course, frequently terrified that we should be compelled to land on an island in the Tuscan archipelago, or in Spain, or on the coast of Sardinia, we set forth on our mad journey. Suddenly, on the morning of December 12, we saw something that we imagined was probably Corsica, though none of us had ever seen it. We were not in the vicinity of Bastia, toward which we thought we were steering, but on the opposite side of the coast, whither the wind and the waves had carried us.

On Sunday the twelfth we landed at Calvi. On Monday, together with my lawyer Pertini, who had accompanied me, I embarked on a steamer for Nice in order to escape deportation, and from there we set forth for Paris. From Savona to Calvi I was accompanied by Parri, Roselli, and a few of my Savona friends. They insisted on accompanying me, not because their presence was necessary, but out of pure friendship, and in order to be with me during such an unpleasant episode in my career. We were received extremely politely by the native authorities in Corsica, but naturally they had to take us before the local officials. Parri, Roselli, and I swore not to go back to Italy again, although they wanted to return at any price. I have since learned that a correspondent of the *Petit Provençal* immediately set out for Bastia to get news of this affair for his paper.

Parri and Roselli went back to Italy on Sunday–Monday night, landing on the sandy shore between Liguria and Tuscany, where they were at once arrested by the customs officials, who believed, if I am rightly informed, that they were laying their hands on the renowned bandit Poliastri and one of his comrades. My conviction that I did not need any help seems to contradict the explanations made by Parri and Roselli, who took the blame themselves and confessed to being the instigators and organizers of my flight. With a magnanimity and pride characteristic of men of their temper, they tried to give such answers as would free their friends of all responsibility. The truth, however, is that I alone made the final decision, and resolved upon it very shortly before I left. I could have gone

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some other way — across the sea, or over the mountains in an automobile. That these friends stood by me is only due, I repeat, to the fact that they did not want to make me live through such terrible hours of my life alone. Actually, their presence was not necessary. They were not the ones who decided upon my flight or helped me; I made the decision myself of my own free will, as a result of the illegal humiliations to which I had been subjected. In this kind of behavior I detected, and still detect to-day, a misuse of governmental power that the custom of every civilized country, and even Italian law, expressly forbids. I had been refused a passport that I had asked for on account of my health in the usual way, and I had been made the victim of an illegal outrage. This treatment calls for a straightforward reply, and I conceive it my duty to set down these facts, which are true and capable of proof.

I am passionately eager for Italy to be delivered from her present outrageous political situation as quickly as possible. If this state of affairs lasts longer, it can only become a country of distress and civil war, of hate and revenge. But this reign of terror must not and will not last, because it is finally bringing about the economic and moral ruin of the country and of all classes of society. It denies all true patriotism, and is merely a school of hooliganism for the majority of the people. It annihilates the most valuable benefits of the bourgeois revolution, which itself was the logical and necessary precursor of the Socialist movement.

A free-thinking man finds it unbearable to see his country turned into a kind of prison in which it is a crime to live a humane life and from which he cannot freely depart. I would gladly rejoice in my fate if this life in exile that clouds the evening of my days bore sufficiently eloquent testimony to my own beliefs and made me into a tool, a simple but decisive means, for aiding civilization and human history.

ON ANNE BOLEYN'S CLOCK IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR

BY W. W. WINKWORTH

[From the *London Mercury*]

THE gayest little clock that ever ceased to go,
Stuffed in a narrow glass, a specimen for show,
A corpse with staring eyes, a shameless thing, it stands,
And shows the helpless stiff unreason of its hands.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Sazonov's Memoirs

THE memoirs of Serge Sazonov, Russian Foreign Minister at the outbreak of the World War, throw new light upon the pressure exercised on the Tsar by his ministers, as well as upon the sense of tragedy which pervaded foreign offices during the hectic days of August 1914. They will be published in Paris this autumn.

On July 29, Mr. Sazonov writes, the Tsar appealed to the Kaiser to stop Austria's mobilization. The Kaiser replied the same evening, defending Austria's conduct, advocating a direct understanding between Russia and Austria, and advising that military measures by Russia would accelerate a calamity. The Tsar telegraphed: 'Thanks for your conciliatory and friendly telegram, although the official message presented to-day by your Ambassador to my Minister was conveyed in a very different tone. I beg you to explain this divergency. It would be right to give over the Austro-German problem to the Hague Tribunal. I trust your wisdom and friendship.' There is pathos and simplicity in this message, of which even the Tsar's ministers were ignorant, and which was not brought to light until six months after its transmission. Nor was it published in the official documents until Kautsky's version appeared, in which we find the Kaiser's marginal note, 'Absurd.'

When Sazonov went to the Tsar to report upon the situation he was apprised of the position the Kaiser had taken. Sazonov tells us: 'In a voice full of emotion the Tsar said to me: "He asks the impossible. He seems to have forgotten that Austria mobilized before us. Now he asks us to stop our mobilization, without saying a word about Austria's. You know that I delayed our preparations, and then only consented to partial mobilization. If I yield to Germany's demand we shall be defenseless before Austria. It would be madness. . . ."

'I remained silent in front of him, watching his face, on which I could follow the terrible inward struggle which tortured him, and from which I suffered as much as he. The fate of Russia depended on his decision. All had been tried to avoid the catastrophe; all had been useless. Now we could only draw the sword in defense of our vital interests. We had reached an impasse. . . . Finally the Emperor said to me, speaking each word painfully and with difficulty: "You are right. We can only prepare to resist aggression. Pass to the Chief of Staff my order to mobilize." . . . I communicated with Januskevitch at once. He answered that his telephone was "out of order." This was a phrase we had agreed on, for he was afraid to receive by telephone the order to stop the mobilization. His fears this time were vain. The Tsar had conquered the doubts that troubled him, and his decision was now irrevocable.'

Count Pourtalès, the German Ambassador, brought the ultimatum of his Government to Mr. Sazonov at midnight on July 31, at which time he repeatedly insisted upon Russia's demobilization. Before the twelve hours granted by the ultimatum had passed, the Austrian Government expressed a

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desire to resume direct negotiations, but Mr. Sazonov tells us that it was then too late.

'On August 1 Count Pourtalès came to see me at 7 P.M., and asked at once if the Russian Government was ready to give a satisfactory answer to the German ultimatum. I replied in the negative, but added that, though she could not countermand the general mobilization order, Russia was still ready to continue negotiations in the hope of arriving at a peaceful solution at the last moment.

'Count Pourtalès seemed deeply moved. He repeated his question, emphasizing the serious consequences that would follow our refusal. I gave the same answer. Taking from his pocket a folded paper, the Ambassador, in a trembling voice, repeated his question for the third time. I declared that I had nothing to add to what I had already said. Profoundly agitated, the Ambassador, with a visible effort, said: "In that case, I am charged by my Government to hand you this note." With a shaking hand he gave me the paper containing the declaration of war. . . . After having done this he completely lost control of himself, and, leaning against the window, burst into tears. "Who would have thought that I should leave Petrograd on such terms!" he cried. In spite of my own emotion, which I succeeded in controlling, I felt sincerely sorry for him, and we embraced before he left my room with faltering steps.'

German-American Films

THE Germans have been making a great fuss over their film industry, for they feel, not only that their cinema is unprosperous, but that foreign producers are guilty of anti-German propaganda. The matter seems to have come to a head in the resolution of the German Proprietors' Association not to show any more films from the German-American distributing company Parafumet, which was founded by the Paramount, Ufa, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer companies, until the latter producer shows satisfactory evidence that it has withdrawn all its anti-German motion pictures from the world market.

Purely artistic estimates of many films are rare indeed in a Germany whose critics even accuse Charlie Chaplin of being motivated by iniquitous anti-German propaganda in 'Shoulder Arms.' But the real focus of the trouble lies in 'Mare Nostrum,' which German politico-art critics assert is a type of picture that the International Film Congress in Paris last year unanimously agreed to ban. The plot of this picture centres around the activities of a German submarine in the Mediterranean during the World War. But it appears that German producers live in glass houses, for Poland has boycotted the Deulig Film Company for anti-Polish propaganda, while Denmark has forbidden the exhibition of all films based on the World War after the showing of the German film, 'Emden.' The only sensible solution apparently lies in the general avoidance of films likely to hurt the susceptibilities of foreign nations.

It is hard to believe that our American producers are primarily propagandists and not business men. The commercial aspect of the controversy, although kept in the background, is perhaps the real source of trouble. A quota agreement between Germany and America has been practised in the past, but the German films have not been successful in this country, although our motion pictures draw huge audiences in Germany. Since American films have beaten the Germans on their home front, despite the financial

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assistance rendered by the Reichswehr, some German producers are beginning to suspect that something may be wrong with their own pictures.

Most German films in the past have either been mediocre, like those produced in other European countries, or they have sought to convey a message. The new films of Germany are being made according to American technique, and they are consequently enjoying immediate popular success. The Ufa company, for example, has produced two comedies which have been shown to capacity houses, and which may eventually receive a favorable exhibition in this country after our censors have expurgated them. In other pictures the screen hero has been metamorphosed into the handsome young man so popular the world over, while the heroine is the epitome of doll-like innocence. Since we are told that these types are typically American, it would appear that the German cinema has capitulated to American art and manners.

Amsterdam Shamateurs

THE ancient controversy over amateurism has been revived on the eve of the Amsterdam Olympiad, and once more England has become the staunch defender of purity in sport. At a conference between the International Olympic Committee and the Fédération Internationale de Football it was decided that players may receive an indemnity for lost wages without forfeiting their amateur status; but the Football Association of England, backed by other British authorities, disagrees, and feels that it cannot rightfully recognize the Amsterdam meeting. Football has become a world game, with more than fifty countries affiliated under the Fédération Internationale. Recently the Scotch have been playing in Canada and South Africa, the Czechoslovakians in Australia, the Canadians in New Zealand, the Chinese in South Australia, and the Irish Free Staters in America.

Much printer's ink has run through foreign sporting presses since the International Olympic Committee decided that an amateur 'must not have received reimbursement or compensation for loss of salary,' at the same time that this body determined to accept the rules of all the controlling authorities in each branch of sport. Since then the Fédération Internationale de Football has decided that in some cases a player may receive compensation for the time spent away from his work. The London *Observer* remarks: 'The International Olympic Committee have surrendered the foundation principle of the games; they have, with their eyes open, surrendered everything that they should cherish, and, if need be, fight for. They have hauled down the white flag of amateurism — pure and undefiled — that the Olympiads were revived to maintain and encourage.' But a sports critic in the London *Star*, dubbed 'Alpha of the Plough,' and otherwise known as Mr. A. G. Gardiner, explains: 'The kernel of the controversy is whether a man or a woman should be socially degraded by accepting payment for playing games. There is, so far as I know, no other department of life in which this severe social discrimination between those who do things for money and those who do them for fun is drawn. . . . The Australian cricketers are always solemnly treated as amateurs, but everybody knows that they are paid, and paid handsomely, as they deserve to be. Why should they be expected to give up a year of their lives to performing to us for nothing?'

Sports which afford amusement and

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relaxation for great masses of spectators, bring huge gate receipts, and make national heroes of the best players, tend to become professional. We have recognized this in America with baseball, a national sport which has been helped rather than hindered by the professional player. Professional football should be barred from the Olympiad, of course, but this would not be a material loss. Open professionalism is better than shamateurism, and an honest foundation may do much to promote a game which brings nations together on the field of sport.

Parsis in England

THE five children of Shapurji Saklatvala, British Communist M.P., and *persona non grata* to our immigration authorities, have been made Parsis in Caxton Hall, London. The ages of the initiates, Dorab, Dhunbar, Beram, Kaikhoshro, and Jivanbai, ranged from eight to nineteen years. The two girls were the first to go through the ceremony, which had been performed only once before in England. Having been given a bath, they were dressed in white silk pants, colored skullcaps, white muslin shawls, and black sandals. Two priests, Desai and Dastoor, chanted prayers over them in Avestan, a dead Persian tongue. The children then discarded their muslin shawls, and amid more prayers the priests clothed them in the Sudra, or sacred vest, which may never be removed. They then held the Kusti, or sacred thread, while the priests jerked the girls' right hands. This cord was tied about their waists with a peculiar knot, perhaps of the Gordian variety. Coconut and rice were sprinkled on their heads as they sat on the floor, and the ceremony was concluded when they were branded on the forehead with a spot of tilley, a croton-oil compound, which glowed red between the eyes. The ceremony for the boys was much the same. Sandalwood and incense were burned for good luck, garlands of flowers were placed around their necks, and rose water was squirted over them in copious quantities. We hope this cleansing rite will be repeated often, if those sacred undershirts cling with them to the grave.

Spain and Columbus

APPARENTLY not content with having financed the discovery of America and having thoroughly established herself in our southern hemisphere, Spain now seeks to prove that Columbus was a native Spaniard. Recent researches at Seville and Berlin have so excited the Spanish, whose only claim on America now is cultural, that a Madrid newspaper has offered a prize of fifty thousand pesetas for the best proof that Columbus came from the land of Isabella and Ferdinand. Among those who have espoused the Spanish cause is Theodosio Noeli, a lecturer at the University of Berlin.

Historians have hitherto accepted the word of Columbus when he went before Queen Isabella and said, 'I come from Genoa, where I was born.' The acceptance of this single statement may have led to what Professor Altamira has called 'the fossilization of historical error,' for no objection has been raised to it except the feeble observations of such scholars as Humboldt that Columbus was more typically Spanish than Italian in his zeal. Spanish scholars justify the alleged prevarication of Columbus upon three grounds. In the first place, they believe that Columbus followed the proverb, 'No man is a prophet in his own country.' It is also asserted that

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Columbus really came from Galicia, which had taken sides with John against Isabella and was consequently in disfavor at Court. Thirdly, Columbus was partly Jewish on his mother's side, and, since Queen Isabella was notoriously anti-Semitic, he feared her displeasure. As a matter of fact, Andreas Colón (Columbus) appears in the annals of the Inquisition as a Jew in 1489. The evidence connecting Columbus with the Jews may be found in letters written to his friends and to his son, Ferdinand.

It is also pointed out by scholars that in 1492 and for fully a hundred years thereafter Columbus was not claimed by Genoa, where he was known only as a wine merchant, but that after the magnitude of his discoveries became known the city hailed him as her own. The Spanish say: 'Let Christopher Columbus, wine merchant of Genoa, rest in peace, for we have our Cristóbal Colón, born in Porto Santo, Galicia, who is the real discoverer of America.' Indeed, these scholars deny Columbus his own name, for the only time the discoverer of America called himself Christopher Columbus, they say, was in his letters to Ferdinand and Isabella, and all his other letters are signed Cristóbal Colón. This is a common Spanish name, and one may yet read in an old house in Porto Santo, Galicia, the words '. . . Colón, ano 1490.'

People also attempt to prove Columbus a Spaniard from internal evidence in his writings. His only literary work, *Las Profecías*, was in Spanish, as were all his letters with the exception of two, which are written in 'macaroni Italian,' a lingo that he may have picked up from the sailors. The dialect he used in his other work was 'Gallego,' or that of Galicia, his home district, rather than the pure Castilian that an immigrant would be likely to learn. No Italian figures of speech and no Italian expressions adorn his Spanish style. The names which Columbus gave the places he discovered in America, moreover, were all Spanish, and chiefly Galician, like San Salvador and Porto Santo, whereas no trace of Italy may be found.

It is an interesting point for scholarly debate to discover the nationality of the first man to 'bring the world to America.' Coming down to us in ballad and book as an Italian, this thrust at one of Mussolini's countrymen may be the seed of an interesting international conflict in which the pen will take the place of the sabre.

Another Centenary

With the Black Bottom and the Charleston being danced to jazz and the 'blues,' it would seem that the waltzes of Josef Strauss were packed away in cedar chests with the crinoline and gingham gown. But they have not been entirely forgotten, for we hear echoes of them from the far-away foreign colony of Shanghai, where they are supplanting the more radical modern rhythms, while in Europe the centenary of the composer's birth has just been celebrated.

Josef Strauss, more popular and less renowned than his brother, Johann, composed more than two hundred tunes, which were whistled by the street urchin of Vienna sixty years ago like the Irving Berlin melodies of to-day. Light and airy, they caught the carefree gayety of the city; they were part and parcel of the *Wiener Wald* where many of them were composed.

Josef Strauss was a man gifted with many talents. Having studied to become an architect, he was well acquainted with mathematics, the popular science of his time. While composing some of his sweetest melodies he designed a street-cleaning

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machine for the city of Vienna. He himself wrote the words for his 'Ode to Night,' and the lyrics as well as the music for his first opera came from his own pen. Like George M. Cohan, he even produced much of his own work. Although we live in an age where excitement prevails, the waltzes of Josef Strauss provide a soothing interlude. They do not live in the grand centenary concerts that have marked the Beethoven Festival this year, but rather in the home and in the heart.

Lions in Rhodesia

A PACK of lions have been up to some pranks in the Fort Jameson district of Northern Rhodesia, and have apparently made the twentieth-century native feel akin to Cro-Magnon man, and more than twenty people, chiefly babies, have already been devoured. On one occasion a native woman with lacerated shoulders appeared at police headquarters, carrying a strange mass of tawny hair in her hands. She said that she had been hoeing in the field when a lion jumped upon her and seized her baby, which she was carrying on her back. She chased the animal into the woods to recover the infant, but only succeeded in clutching a handful of yellow hair from the animal's mane. Another native woman succeeded in rescuing her child by beating the animal over the nose with her hoe until the King of the Beasts dropped the yelling infant and slunk off into the woods.

A typical day in this district elicited the following casualties, all of which are attributed to a pack of lions rather than to a single stray beast: the killing of a native on a tobacco estate, the mauling of a donkey on a neighboring farm, the eating of a native woman in the early morning, the killing of a native herdboy who was milking cows, and the chewing of the tails off five donkeys. Several days later one of the planters discovered that his automobile had been attacked. The tires were chewed, the fenders dented, and there were traces of the animal's hair. The villagers have been provided with firearms, but so far not a single lion has been reported shot.

A Score off Shaw

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has scored so many points off his opponents that this anecdote is almost unique. Several years ago a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the problems of music halls and playhouses. Lulu Harcourt was named chairman, and since the list of witnesses included the famous Mr. Shaw the members of the committee felt that it would be a good opportunity to have a little tilt with him. Lord Lambourne, however, advised them to leave Shaw alone, saying, 'He is a deuce of a sight cleverer than any of us, and if you try putting it over him we shall be made the laughingstock of Europe.'

Shaw entered the room with an armful of books. He gave his name, address, and profession, and then asked, 'Where would you like me to begin?'

Lulu Harcourt simply looked up from a mass of papers and replied: 'Thank you, Mr. Shaw; now we know who you are, and I don't think we will trouble you any further.' The enraged Socialist stalked out of the room without so much as bidding the committee adieu.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Mind and Face of Bolshevism, by René Fülöp-Miller. Translated from the German by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. London: Putnam's, 1927. 21*s*.

[*New Statesman*]

BOLSHEVISM is for most of us a political problem. It is on its merits and defects as a form of government or a system of wealth production and distribution that its critics and its supporters alike are accustomed to concentrate. But Herr Fülöp-Miller insists that this is a superficial view; Bolshevism is a philosophy which aims at a new way of life, and 'its acceptance or rejection is the rejection or acceptance of the whole of European culture.' He is himself a Socialist, we believe, and the gravamen of his charge against the Bolsheviki is not that they are attacking capitalism, but that they are trying to destroy the soul of humanity. Their God is the machine; literature, art, drama, life itself — all are to be mechanized; collectivism is not a method of freeing individuality, but of submerging the individual in the mass.

Herr Fülöp-Miller shows in detail — much of the detail is extremely interesting, and its interest is enhanced by a number of excellent pictures — how this zeal for mechanization and for the glorification of the mass has been pushed into all the realms of spirit. Artists, sculptors, dramatists, poets, and musicians vie with one another in the overthrow of bourgeois ideals and forms, and in their replacement by a 'proletarian culture' based on a ferocious materialism. 'Cubo-futurism' is succeeded by 'Suprematism,' and 'Suprematism' by 'Left-classicism.' 'Idealistic' philosophers from Plato onward are put on the Index Expurgatorius. A symphonic concert is held at Baku, in which the orchestra consists of 'the foghorns of the whole Caspian Fleet, all the factory sirens, two batteries of artillery, several infantry regiments, a machine-gun section, real hydroplanes, and finally choirs in which all the spectators join.' The poets pour out pæans on skyscrapers:

> Chicago: City
> Built upon a screw!
> Electrodynamo-mechanical city!
> Spiral-shaped —
> On a steel disc —
> At every stroke of the hour
> Turning around itself —
> Five thousand skyscrapers —
> Granite suns!

or hymns of hate to inspire the masses:

> Drive your elbows into ribs like iron spikes,
> Crash your fists into the jaws of the elegant charity gentlemen tightly buttoned into frock coats!
> Your knuckle-dusters into their noses!
> Tabula rasa!
> Whet your teeth,
> Bite into the time,
> Gnaw through the fence.

The theatre is a vast agency for revolutionary propaganda, and everyday life is theatricalized for the development of the mass mind. Religion is denounced and mocked; churches are turned into atheist clubhouses, 'Red' ceremonies take the place of the sacraments. And this furious irreligion of the Bolsheviki, Herr Fülöp-Miller avers, is all the more sinister because it springs from the same roots as the sects which have played so prominent a part in Russia. The Dukhobors, the Milk-drinkers, the Flagellators, the Castrated, the Fire Baptists, the Adventists, the Non-Prayers and the Non-Payers (that is, of taxes) — all these have looked on the Tsar as Antichrist, and on the Church as the tool of the rich. They have all been inspired by communistic aims and, like the Bolsheviki, have preached a paradise — and a materialistic paradise — on earth.

It is a shocking picture. And yet our

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flesh refuses to creep. There is much that is objectionable in the doctrines and experiments of the Bolsheviki. Their intolerance and obscurantism, their drumming out of persons and things that do not fit their rigid materialistic conceptions, are repellent to those who value freedom. But is European culture, or even Russian culture, really in such danger as Herr Fülöp-Miller suggests from these fanatical projectors, many of whom might have come straight out of the Academy of Lagado? Is it possible to believe in the potency of a Shersenevich, who is 'firmly convinced that a book ought to be readable backwards as successfully as the other way round, just as a picture of Iakulov or Erdmann' (revolutionary painters) 'may be hung upside down without any loss'? And is Beethoven going to be relegated to limbo by Miaskovsky, whose 'usual methods,' we are told, are 'to unite the ununitable, to connect the unconnected, to impregnate completely major with minor, and inversely to sharpen the tonal function of the chord to the limits of the unexpected'?

Most of the extravagances so solemnly set forth in this book are surely nothing but the natural consequences of the Revolution, with its inevitable excitement and enthusiasm, and they seem likely to be as ephemeral as similar extravagances that have followed other violent revolutions in history. In point of fact, Herr Fülöp-Miller himself admits that they have made but little impression on the Russian proletariat, while the Bolshevist leaders, Lenin and Trotskii, Lunacharskii and Kamenev, have all scoffed at the notion of creating a 'proletarian culture' on these lines. There are some sensible thinkers and writers left under the Soviet régime; and there has been some good work done, notably in the theatre. As for the campaign against religion, its main results seem to have been the weakening of some of the grosser forms of superstition and the creation of reform movements in the Church. It has certainly not destroyed the religious spirit of the Russian masses.

And the mechanization of man? Herr Fülöp-Miller complains that the Bolsheviki are 'trying to confiscate human dignity in order to turn all free reasonable beings into a horde of will-less slaves.' It may be so. But cannot their ardor for technical development, their exaltation of machinery, be more simply explained as the efforts of men in a hurry — too much of a hurry, perhaps — to force a backward and illiterate and ill-equipped country out of its rut? They have achieved something. Herr Fülöp-Miller himself bears testimony to the progress that has been made in education, and there is evidence of improvement in factory organization and technique, in electrification, and in other things that are clearly good in themselves. But we cannot see the evidence to persuade us that Bolshevism, however it may try to out-Ford Henry Ford, will succeed in making Russia into a land of Robots.

Cressage, by A. C Benson. London: Heinemann, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

This novel, found among Mr. A. C. Benson's papers after his death, illustrates once more the ease and grace of his story-telling. The characters, both major and minor, are clear in outline, and skillfully grouped, with a lifelike presence, even if they do move and converse in a somewhat rarefied air.

Walter Garnett is researched for his weakness, yet keeps a hold on our liking, and Helen Worsley, commended to our admiration by shrewd and delicate touches, suffers from his defection without our sympathies being excessively harrowed. She is so properly provided for by the more complete lover, Dr. Bowlby, as we foresee at least as soon as Walter's fickleness manifests itself. His desertion to the younger Worsley girl, Clare, comes as agreeable proof that, however selfish, he is no fish. Bowlby, though a background figure, displays a calibre worthy of the limelight. We know he will protect his wife against the fastidious Walter's renewed selfish demands on Helen's understanding friendship, when Clare's company proves inadequate, as it must, in spite of her aspirations toward being a Don's true helpmate — witness her regrets at not having spent the weeks before the wedding in solid reading! Besides, time is going on, — it has blunted Norton's edge already, — and

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Oxford promises consolations for disappointments in store for Walter at home.

These optimistic provisions are probably as convincing as the disasters our realists think it necessary to impose on their characters. There is substance in the inverted irony implied by the happy ending, for we do not deceive ourselves unduly about the compensations for disillusioned ideals. They leave satisfactions behind, solaces amid the advancing years. Mr. Benson's serenity of outlook extends to his accessory figures also. He is not too hard on Squire Garnet's pompous folly; Mr. Worsley's ambitions are not wholly unlovely; Mrs. Goring's generous nature reflects kindly on her narrow-minded William; and no one could grudge the loosening of gentle Mrs. Garnet's tongue when the incubus of her awe of her husband is lifted by his death.

Peoples and Problems of the Pacific, by J. Macmillan Brown. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1927. 2 vols. 50*s*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Dr. Macmillan Brown, of New Zealand, is known to anthropologists for his many descriptive articles and controversial essays on the Pacific Islands, past and present. He has now collected a number of his scattered writings in two substantial volumes, which, as the Scottish laird said of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, make fine confused feeding. His accounts, bearing various dates within the last fifteen years, of the island groups and islands of Melanesia, Micronesia, and Polynesia are interesting in so far as they give his own impressions. Dr. Macmillan Brown has much to say, too, about prehistoric New Zealand, before the Maori invasion, and about the folklore and religion of Hawaii. Moreover, his pages are uncommonly well illustrated with photographs of natives and antiquities.

But, though the book contains much valuable information gathered at first hand, it is unfortunately most difficult to read. For the author has very definite theories about the past history of the Pacific peoples, and he not only expounds these in the latter part of his second volume, but also refers to them incessantly in the chapters on the several island groups. Dr. Macmillan Brown holds that man reached Polynesia from Northern Asia in the Old Stone Age, before pottery was invented, and that the migrants were 'Nordics' and spoke a primitive 'Indo-European' language. Elsewhere he seems inclined to favor a migration from America westward, at a later date, instead of from Southeastern Asia eastward. The megalithic remains, to which Professor Elliot Smith, the late Dr. Rivers, Mr. Percy, and others, have drawn attention of late years, cause the author to speculate on the possibility that great island empires of the past have been submerged by volcanic action, though science distrusts these catastrophic explanations. It is unnecessary to suppose that the great walls at Ponape, for instance, required a vast labor force at any one time, when they might have been built gradually, through generations, by a small body of skilled masons. Mrs. Scoresby Routledge's detailed and competent study of the Easter Island statues has deprived them of much of the romantic mystery with which Dr. Macmillan Brown would envelop them. Still, despite his love of theorizing on very unsubstantial data, Dr. Macmillan Brown is an engaging enthusiast, and his descriptions of the less familiar and seldom visited Pacific Islands and their peoples are much to be commended.

Witch Wood, by John Buchan. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1927. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

The Reverend David Sempill began his ministry in Woodilee in 1644. Young, generous, and sincere, he was well liked in his parish until he had the ill luck to discover that at certain seasons the whole of his congregation indulged in some pagan midnight orgies in a mysterious wood near by. He is appalled, and determines to expose this fearful sin, but on producing some doubtful evidence to his superiors they decline to accept it, and reprimand him. The village naturally turns against him. At the same time he becomes implicated in the cause of Montrose against the Covenanters; a wounded captain of Montrose's army is secretly succored by him and a fair damsel in a quarter of the terrible wood, and the minister is in quick time

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accused not only of harboring an enemy of the Church but of having illicit relations with those sinful associates of the wood. He is in a fair way of being inhibited when the plague visits Woodilee and the minister in hygienic zeal burns down some of the cottages. The village is now ready to burn Mr. Sempill. There is a witch hunt, and he condemns the torturers — to his own ill-hap. The poor man cannot touch a thing that does not bite him like a frozen asp. Maligned, derided, and misunderstood, unhappy in his ideals of love, life, and religion, poor Sempill is brought to the pitch of martyrdom.

There is a mass of material here, all well treated, but not quite welded into an harmonious whole. Mr. Buchan seems to have hesitated between the Montrose theme and that of the pagan rites, and eventually takes neither; Montrose fades away, and there is no explanation of the Saturnalia. But though the story is also taken at a very deliberate tempo, in the mode of Scott, it is covered with a fragrant bloom, an effortless verisimilitude, and the old high gloss of romance that betoken a real artist.

The New Germany, by Ernst Jaeckh. Oxford: The University Press, 1927. 5*s*. net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Dr. Ernst Jaeckh is not only a member, but one of the most authoritative spokesmen, of the new Germany. And he shows us in these remarkable lectures, delivered in Geneva, that the new Germany did not begin on the day of the Armistice or with the deposition of the Kaiser. It has been present as a living element of the national life, overlaid by the militant autocracy of the Prussian State, ever since, in 1848, it first found powerful, though for the time frustrated, speech. The Constitution of Weimar was the completion of the Parliament of Frankfort. The Kaiser's tardy acceptance of Prince Max of Baden's liberal Constitution actually precipitated the collapse of the German military machine; for the revolting sailors whose rising began the revolution knew that the Admiralty which ordered them out against the British fleet was now itself in revolt against the civil Government. That the old soldiers were not all converted either to pacifism or to the new Constitution we know; and Ludendorff remains as striking an example of unprincipled incapacity as his former colleague Hindenburg of loyalty to a political order he did not choose and does not love. But can any other country produce a counterpart to Dr. Jaeckh's record of leading generals and officers who have renounced the militarist theory of the State and become loyal servants even of a disarmed Germany? *Intellectual Disarmament*, *From Chaos to Reconstruction*, *Europe Our Fatherland*, and, most significant of all, *My Damascus*, are the titles of books by some of these generals. And Fritz von Unruh, one of the most moving examples of such 'conversion,' dedicated a volume of his speeches 'to resolute fighters for the German Republic and for peace for humanity.'

There are many evidences that Germany, once the stronghold of a self-regarding and powerfully entrenched patriotism, will presently lead all Europe in the power and will to think in European terms. And having once embraced this ideal, she pursues it with characteristic thoroughness and method.

This little book ought to open many eyes in Allied countries and elsewhere. It is written with a lucidity and charm which fit it admirably for English readers who, without special training, wish to understand the Germany of to-day. A short introduction, by Mr. A. Zimmern, is prefixed.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Il Pentamerone, by Giambattista Basile. Translated by Sir Richard Burton. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927. $3.50.

In *Il Pentamerone* we have another example of the beginnings of the modern short story, although this collection of tales is perhaps more properly classified with such of its predecessors as Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Marguerite of Navarre's *Heptameron*, and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Indeed, the same themes may be found in many of these collections, but in the work of Basile we have the crystallization of the traditional stories which delighted the mediæval peasant and provided the inspiration for moral sermons. In a Neapolitan background, and with all the spice and raciness of seventeenth-century Italy, we meet such old favorites as Cinderella, Puss in Boots, and Rapunzel. But we do not question their wanderings, for, with the ease of a master story-teller, Basile adapts them to their environment. Since the unsurpassed Burton translation has been out of print for many years and has been almost a rarity, this reprint will bring back a great classic to the English-reading public.

The End of a World, by Claude Anet. Translated from the French by Jeffery E. Jeffery. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $3.00.

Purity and simplicity are the keynotes of Claude Anet's novels, and in *The End of a World* he discards the gewgaws of modern civilization by laying his plot in the Cro-Magnon period. The story centres around Nô, a youth who shows promise of becoming one of the leading spirits of the tribe, but who finally meets a tragic and ironic end. He has seen the superiority of a tribe that has domesticated dogs, and he dreams of becoming master of the horse. After tireless labor he is on the verge of making the great conquest, when the beast kicks him and tramples out his life. Nô is also depicted as the simple lover who does not blindly accept the laws of his tribe regarding marriage. Instead of choosing a wife from the crowd of maidens at the nuptial games, he falls in love with a girl from an inferior tribe of fisher folk. He wins her love according to the Cro-Magnon tactics of courtship, but Anet infers that the cave man and the polished gentleman of to-day have much in common. Nô paints rudimentary pictures on the walls of his cave, and in these he catches the genuine spirit of art.

These paintings, line drawings of which abound in the book, resemble the author's own method. He has sought the primary and classic emotions of a man so closely akin to nature that he has not become artificial.

The Promised Land, by Ladislas Reymont. Translated from the Polish by M. H. Dziewicki. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. $5.00.

The tragedy arising from the modern attitude toward life which makes material prosperity synonymous with happiness is the theme of Ladislas Reymont's novel of industrialism. The life of the Polish mill town Lodz is woven around Charles Borowiecki, a man of superior intelligence and birth who strives for wealth as a mill manager and owner. He sacrifices love and the best part of his own life to attain this goal, and in the end we see him with his millions but without happiness.

The novel is executed in the grand style, for the canvas upon which Reymont paints the picture of Lodzian society, industry, and art is so immense as to be almost confusing. Clerks with ideals and idiosyncrasies, newly rich vulgarians and merry-andrews, unscrupulous mill-owners who do not stop at arson to collect insurance when their factory is headed for the financial rocks, and women disgustingly common or pathetically naïve, are all thrown into this potpourri of Polish life in the eighties.

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Consequently there are some dull passages, although on the whole the two volumes maintain a high degree of interest. Reymont has the genius to instill the spark of life into the characters which he so vividly portrays, and we feel convinced that the people of whom he writes actually lived, although we ourselves may not care to live with them.

Science: Leading and Misleading, by Arthur Lynch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1927. $3.00.

In science there is error, dogma, and blind adherence to authority, against which we must guard by examining everything impartially, says Mr. Lynch in this critical study. The author is an expert in the sciences he discusses, and since he assumes that the reader has at least a passing acquaintance with them we can hardly recommend this volume as light reading. It is, rather, a book 'to be chewed and digested: that is . . . read wholly and with diligence and attention.'

Pseudoscholars may pounce upon the author's exposition of the deficiencies of Darwin, Weismann, Lamarck, and de Vries, who are examined with unsparing precision and incisiveness. Not only evolutionists, but even mathematicians, are liable to human fallibility, for we learn that they often disagree among themselves. Mr. Lynch points out, for example, that upon one occasion Newton made an error in the 'estimation of the resistance of the medium in virtue of which was determined the curve described by a heavy body launched into the medium.' The Bernouillis and other mathematicians made the mistake of ascribing Newton's error to calculation, and it was not until some time later that the real source of error was discovered.

The author similarly attacks the problems of relativity, physics, chemistry, biology, medicine, and psychology. The book is discursive rather than exhaustive; it is intended for men of wit and understanding rather than for the masses. If read by the former it will undoubtedly fulfill its purpose — the use of higher critical standards in the search for scientific truth.

How to Enjoy Pictures, by J. Littlejohns. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927.

Many a layman is at a loss to know what points he should look for when examining a painting. Mr. Littlejohns takes up eight of the acknowledged great paintings of the world and analyzes them in order to show what laws are to be observed in their structure, and why they are unanimously termed great. In each case an excellent reproduction of the painting in color is given, accompanied by several diagrams to illustrate the argument of the text. Those who have not had the benefit of a course in the appreciation of pictures will find this book an invaluable preparation to a visit to an art gallery. It will literally open their eyes to the hidden beauties in many pictures they have heretofore blindly accepted as great.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

According to newly published statistics, 247 suicides and 870 attempts at suicide were committed in 1926 by Viennese who had not yet reached their thirtieth year. A quarter of those persons were not even twenty years old, and two thirds of those were girls. It has been ascertained that every three-hundredth Viennese woman between the ages of sixteen and twenty either committed suicide or attempted it. There are cases of melancholia, unhappy love, family conflicts, and frequently economic reasons. The other day a servant girl of scarcely fifteen left a letter to her mistress asking her forgiveness for using up so much gas in committing suicide, which she did because she had forgotten to give the dog his meal. — *Morning Post*

* * *

The hundred-per-cent American is a hundred-per-cent Britisher (in a broad sense), whether he likes it and admits it, or whether he does neither.

— *Nation and Athenæum*

* * *

In a year in which Germany celebrated the centenary of Beethoven she also solemnizes the centenary of the mouth organ. A hundred years ago this month a toy maker of Trossingen whose workshop was a disused dovecot produced the primitive instrument which has ever since vied for popularity with the toy trumpet in all but the most hygienic of the nurseries of the civilized world. We can depend on it that the Germans will always be thorough. What next?

— *Outlook*

* * *

American men are terribly dressed. Their tailoring is disgusting. The only thing to be said for it is that it is comfortable and clean. I wanted to put pins in the men all the way down. There was no fit about them at all. We went to a dance at a country club, and to our horror the men took off their coats and danced in their shirt-sleeves. We were so startled that we nearly walked out. Our men, at any rate, beat the Americans hollow.

— *Miss D. Baker, of Harrods' staff*

* * *

On the wide shores of the Oslo fiord young men and girls have bathed freely, and, as no bathing machines or other sorts of sheds are provided, dressing and undressing have had to be done in full view. So far the police have refused to intervene, and the Oslo papers, after serious investigation, declare that mixed bathing, as practised in the Oslo fiord, can be absolutely no offense to morality, because of the degree of discretion to which the girls have developed the art of undressing and dressing.

— *Oslo dispatch in the 'Observer'*

* * *

Very few workers can look forward with interest and enthusiasm to an unbroken work-period of four and a half or five hours.

— *Mr. S. Wyatt in the 'Westminster Gazette'.*

* * *

Nearly two hundred persons, chiefly women, were baptized at a public service in a Glasgow public bath yesterday, following the recent revival campaign of Pastor Jeffreys. They were the first section of a thousand converts claimed.

The women wore old skirts and blouses. They were completely immersed. Several became hysterical, and most emerged from the water with a fervent 'Hallelujah.'

In many cases whole families were baptized.

— *Daily Herald*

* * *

Slackness in the early morning is a failing of many of the young men of our time.

— *Max Pemberton*

* * *

The novelty of mixed bathing in the public baths is wearing off. We have therefore decided to discontinue mixed bathing in the Lodgestane bath. — *Alderman H. E. Davies, Chairman of Liverpool Baths Committee*

* * *

I consider the too premature advertisement of a world record unseemly and un-German. After a flight to America it will always be time enough to boast of the achievement.

— *Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm*

* * *

The atmosphere of a theatre is n't beautiful, say what you will of its glamour.

— *Miss Hermione Baddeley*

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